

A NEW
TRANSLATION
OF THE
FUNERAL ORATION

Of his EMINENCE the
CARDINAL DEFLEURY:

PRONOUNCED

At the solemn Service, which was performed
in the Cathedral of *Notre-Dame* at *Paris*,
May 25, 1743. at the Command of the most
Christian King. By the Father *de Neuville*,
a *Jesuit*.

To which are added,

- I. A Criticism upon the Funeral Oration, in a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend: Supposed to be written by the Abbé *des Fontaines*.
- II. A full Refutation of that Criticism: Or a Defence of the Father *de Neuville*; addressed to the Marquess of *B*. By the Chevalier *de M*.
- III. A Letter to the Marquis of *A*, upon the Funeral Oration.
- IV. Some Reflexions on the preceding Letter. By a YOUNG LAWYER.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the Golden Lion, in Ludgate-Street.
M DCC XLIV. [Price 1 s. 6 d.]

APPROBATION OF THE CENSOR ROYAL.

IHAVE read, by Order of the Lord Chancellor, the Funeral Oration of the Cardinal DE FLEURY; by Father de Neuville, of the Society of Jesus: *And I have observed in it nothing, but what is very agreeable to the Sanctity and Majesty of the Pulpit. The whole seemed to me answerable to the Dignity of the Subject, and to the Reputation of the Christian Orator.*

COTTEREL,

Sorbonne.
May 23. 1743.

Doctor of the House and
Society of *Sorbonne.*

THE

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

THE following Version of the celebrated Oraison Funebre of the Cardinal de Fleury, which was the agreeable Amusement of some Leisure Hours I this Summer enjoy'd at Paris, I had given over all Thoughts of publishing, when upon my late Return to London, I understood that it had appeared in English several Months ago. Curiosity however prompting me to look into that Translation, how great was my Surprize, when I there discovered nothing of the Father de Neuville, except his Name on the Title-Page! Upon comparing it with the pretended Original, I found the Translator had shewn himself equally free from all Manner of Servility to his Author, to Common-Sense, to English, and to Grammar; that he had altered, if not annihilated, the Thoughts in almost every Page, and favoured the Public with his own, instead of the Eloquence of the French Orator. But what the Chevalier de M —— says in Defence of the Father de Neuville, is applicable to the Author of the Oration translated into English, with very little Variation. For those Boldnesses of Style, those Inversions of Phrases, those Thoughts apparently distorted or destroyed, those Passages, where the Sense is broke off, or suspended, or made Non-Sense, in which the Piece in Question abounds,

and those seeming false Constructions; all these, I say, constitute the Style peculiar to the Genius. Leave we timid and frigid Translators to subject themselves to their Originals, to the common Usages of Language: But a delicate, fine, ingenious Translator makes always the Performance his own, and forms always a Language to himself. Such is the Manner of that Translator: He must be guessed at, and is guessed at.' In a Word, his Oration is something so far beyond a mere Translation, that it is in every respect an Original, nor has the Father de Neuville the least Title to any of the Glory of it.

Justice therefor to the Name of that Stranger, whose Nation is so noted for Politeness to Strangers, and a Desire to vindicate our own Countrymen from any contrary Imputation; these were the Motives of presenting to the Public this Translation of that Piece of Eloquence, which made so great Noise abroad, and afforded Exercise for the Pens of the most celebrated Wits of France.

To the Funeral Oration I have subjoined a few of their Criticisms upon it, which I presume will not be disagreeable, as in them we see all that can be said against its Author; we see him appear the more original, by their Attempts to prove him a Plagiary; we see the Envy, the Malice, the Vanity of the Critics more conspicuous than the Faults they impute to the Orator, or the Defects of the several Passages of his Performance, which they endeavour to turn into Ridicule. How eager are they to point out the Blemishes, but how seldom do they take Pains to specify the Beauties of

the

the Object of Criticism, which, though perhaps more difficult than the other, is no less the Duty of a Critic! The Funeral Oration has doubtless its Imperfections; (was there ever a Piece without some?) but it is equally evident to every candid and judicious Reader, that its Excellences infinitely exceed them in Number as well as Degree. It were no hard Matter to criticize upon the Criticisms, and to vindicate the Orator from many of the Charges brought against him: But as this would make me exceed the proposed Bounds, I shall only say with the inimitable Pope,

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to Faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part,
And snatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art,
Which, without passing through the Judgment, gains
The Heart, and all its End at once attains.
In Prospects thus some Objects please our Eyes,
Which out of Nature's common Order rise,
The shapeless Rock, or hanging Precipice. }
}

In fine, this Translation will, I hope, be found his to whom it is ascribed, having endeavoured to keep as close to the Original, as the Idioms of the Languages would permit; and that not only to preserve the Sense of our Orator, but also the Beauties of his Eloquence, and even his Style and his Manner; which is absolutely necessary in a Work of this Nature, and without which the Criticisms would be unintelligible as well as impertinent.

ERRATA.

Page 6. l. 4. for *Silences* read *Silence*. P. 29. l. 38. for *give*
read *giving*. P. 31. l. 17. for *engaging* read *preventing*. P. 32.
l. 18. for *Delight* read *Delights*.

THE
FUNERAL ORATION

Of his EMINENCE the

CARDINAL DE FLEURY.

И И Т

КОИТАЯ ОЛАЯКУ

ОЛДИКИИССО

СИДИКИССАРЫКИССА

THE FUNERAL ORATION

Of his EMINENCE the

CARDINAL *de FLEURY*,
Minister of STATE, &c.

Prov. iii. 13, 16, 17.

Happy is the Man that findeth Wisdom...
Length of Days is in her Right Hand,
and in her Left Hand Riches and Ho-
nour. Her Ways are Ways of Plea-
santness, and all her Paths are Peace.

THUS it is that the wisest of Kings represents to us Wisdom, as the fruitful Source, whence flow Peace of Mind, Tranquillity of Soul, the Sweets and Satisfaction of Life, all the Enjoyments that are worthy of obtaining the Esteem of Reason, and of ingrossing the Desires of the Heart. *Happy is the Man*, cries he, *who findeth Wisdom*. At Freedom, Master of himself, in a profound Calm, he sees his Days clear and serene, undisturbed with Clouds and Tempests, multiplied and reproduced, to the End that he may taste upon Earth the First Fruits of the Immortality that awaits him in Heaven. *Length of Days is in her Right Hand*. Treasures of Wealth and Honour prevent his Wishes without exciting them; he receives them without seeking after them. As he is rich without Opulence, respected without Titles and without Dignities;

the darkest Obscurity would not diminish the Lustre of his Name ; and at the Height of the most exalted Elevation, he shall shew himself greater than his Greatness. *In her Left Hand Riches and Honour.* In whatever Road he walks, Ages the most remote shall come to study the Trace of his Steps, to learn that it is not Events, but the Head and the Heart that constitute the Great Man ; that to command the Attention and Homage of Nations, Virtue alone is sufficient, and has no Need of Fortune. *Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness.* As he abhors Tumult and restless Commotions, he loves no Victories but the Triumphs of Persuasion and Equity ; no Conquests but the Heart and Confidence of Nations ; no Rewards, no Felicity, but the Pleasure of cementing, of perpetuating the Empire of Peace, and of succeeding in his Labours for the Happiness of Mankind.

All her Paths are Peace.

Could Solomon, O Christians, foresee what was to come, or was Futurity unveiled before him ? In this Picture of the wise Man he has been tracing, do you not discover the wise Man we regret ; his pacific Designs, his Titles, his Dignities, his Honours, the long Duration and constant Prosperity of his Days ? *Length of Days—Honour and Riches—Ways of Pleasantness—Paths of Peace.*

Did I appear in the Temple only to pay a Tribute of Praise to the Memory of that wise Minister, what would there remain for me to say, after what I have said ? His Elogium, though hardly begun, should it not appear finished ? But I am animated by another View ; I come not so much to praise as to instruct ; or rather, I come to join Instruction to Elogy, and by the Praises of the Wise Man to move you to the Love of Wisdom.

I mean that true, that solid, that real Wisdom, which proportions the Views, the Motions, the Steps to the Variety of Conjunctions, to the Importance of Employments, to the Difference of Situations, to the Multiplicity of Obligations ; that Wisdom which knows neither Talents misplaced, extravagant Projects, nor Virtues carried to Extreme ; that Wisdom which im-

prints

prints upon the whole Conduct that Character of Order, of Decency, of Decorum, without which, Talents become Defects, Virtues are but Vices ; Titles and Dignities honour not a Man, a Man dishonours Dignities and Titles.

Though Churches and Academies daily resound with Lessons adapted to teach this Wisdom, yet rare, very rare are the Examples capable of persuading it. One excellent Pattern of it, however, Providence has lately afforded us in the Person of *the Most High and Potent Lord Andrew-Hercules de Fleury, formerly Bishop of Frejus, Preceptor to the King, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Minister of State.* Here let us pause. Leave we the giddy and inconsiderate People to judge of a Minister by the Issues of his Ministry ; to decide of his Merit and Talents by Fortune and by Success. Let us study the Man in the Man himself. Let us forget what he has done for the Happiness and Advantage of the State. What do I say ? Let us remember that the great, the important, the essential Services he did the State, consist in the immortal Examples of his Wisdom, his Prudence, his Moderation.

For I call it serving the State, and serving it for a Series of Ages, to confound, to banish, and to bring into eternal Infamy in the Spirit of a Nation, the mean and groveling Ambition, that goes to Honours by Ways that make Virtue blush, the indolent or presumptuous Ambition, that lies inactive in Honours without Zeal, or Capacity to sustain their Weight ; the criminal and fatal Ambition, that makes no other use of Honours but to give itself up with Impunity to the lawless Liberty of the Passions. But what Example more capable than that of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, to excite, to diffuse in a State, a noble Emulation of Services, of Talents, and of Virtues ? The Cardinal **D E FLEURY** ever guided, conducted, animated by Wisdom, arrives at Honours by the Way of Merit and Services ; he renders his Honours useful to his Country by his Talents, and by the Use of his Talents ; he adds a new Lustre to his Honours by the Brightness of his Virtues.

In a Word, the Favour, the Confidence of his Prince, obtained by Merit and Services, supported by Talents, illustrated by Virtues: This so very singular Character, let us endeavour to lay open, for your Instruction, for the Glory of that wise Minister, and for the Honour of Humanity.

Shall I need, GENTLEMEN, to desire your favourable Attention? I know that in vulgar Minds, Encomium uses to offend the jealous Delicacy of Self-Love, equally mortified by the Recital of the Virtues it has not, and by the Censure of the Defects, whereof it is conscious. I know that with Respect to those Men who were the Depositaries of Favours, Pride endeavours to satisfy itself, by taking Vengeance on the Person, for the servile Homage, it so often lavished upon Fortune; that with the more Meanness it cringed, it rises with the greater Fury; without perceiving that after having dishonoured itself by the mercenary and self-interested Praises, it dishonours itself still more shamefully by the Gall and Bitterness of the Satyr; that what it calls the Return of Reason and Reflexion, is no more than the Blemish of a second Vice, added to the Disgrace of the former. But the Nobleness, the Elevation of your Sentiments, secures you from the Indignity of so injurious a Suspicion. You will see with Pleasure, Merit and Services arrive at Honours, Talents disclosed by them, Virtues shine in them; every where, the Citizen and the Christian, the Minister and the Bishop, signalize themselves by distinguished Instances of Wisdom and Religion.

P A R T I.

To arrive at the most eminent Dignities of the Church and State, to enjoy all the Titles and Honours that Priesthood and Empire can bestow; when Providence is pleased to present to the World these Prodigies of Elevation; straightway Ambition, eager to propose to itself a Model easy to be imitated; Envy impatient to console itself for its Obscurity, and interested to persuade

persuade itself that Fortune thwarts its Wishes, only because Fortune is wont to fly Merit ; Curiosity malignant and penetrating, the Prejudices of the Mind, the Passions of the Heart, unite their Suspicions, their Conjectures, their censorious Reflexions, their Intelligences, their pretended Discoveries. And because the History of Monarchies presents for one *Joseph*, more than one *Haman* ; for one *David*, more than one *Absalom* ; for one *Judas Maccabeus*, more than one *Joab* ; they will have it, that no high Fortune can be attained innocently : Or, if they discover no Crime, no Perfidy, they form to themselves an arbitrary System of political Intrigues, of meanly purchased Protections, of artfully managed Cabals : Resources Vanity contrives, that if it lose the Pleasure of blaming, of censuring, it may escape the painful Necessity of commanding and applauding. Trace the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, study the Beginning, the successive Progress of his Elevation, and you'll apply to him these Words of the Book of Wisdom : *All Good Things together came to me with Wisdom, and innumerable Riches in her Hands.*

In Effect, was he one of those Men whom a happy Occasion, an unforeseen Circumstance, the Activity of a bold Ambition eager to hasten the Moment of Fortune, places all of a sudden at the Head of an Empire, astonished to see them with one Bound o'erleap the Immensity of the Distance, and appear at the End of the Race, before they have begun to run it ? A quite different Prodigy struck *Europe* in the Elevation of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**. If he goes to the first Employments of the State, he goes to them so slowly, that he only arrives at them at last, carried along by the Course of Events. He seeks not Dignities, he contents himself with waiting for them ; he waits not so much for them, as he is waited for by them : He goes not so much to Honours, as Honours come to him : *He who had declined to come to Dignity, Dignity comes to him.*

Will it be pretended that he was one of those Men, whose profound and dissembled Ambition forms the Texture, and ties the Thread of its Intrigues in Shade and Silences ; envelops itself in a Circle of dark Schemes, of unknown Motions ; shuns the Eyes of Competitors, escapes their Penetration, and declares its Designs, only by the Glare of their Success ? In the Elevation of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, no Veils, no Clouds, no Mysteries. We see one Employment lead to another Employment ; one Dignity pave the Way for another Dignity ; his Elevation grow by Degrees, give notice to Envy, give it Time to muster its Forces, and deprive it of all Hopes of succeeding.

Shall his Elevation be looked upon as an Effect of Chance ? Chance, empty Word, invented by Ignorance to cover its Shame, adopted by Impiety to defend it against Reason, used by timorous and political Malignity, to censure the Choice of the Prince without Danger. Chance is nothing ; it can do nothing : Every Thing has its Cause, its Principle. The Principle of the Elevation of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, was Merit ; a Merit known, esteemed, approved ; a Merit that rises to the most distinguished Employments, only by shewing itself superior to the Places it occupies.

I say a Merit known, esteemed, approved. After having acquired the Riches of Litterature, drawn from their Source the Beauties of the Language of *Rome* and *Albans*, dived into the awful Depths of Religion, the Abbé **D E FLEURY** appears at Court with that happy Physiognomy, that I don't know what Gift from Heaven, God imprints on the Forehead of those Men, whom he prepares for exalted Stations. There, on that changing and fluctuating Stage, where the Scene shifts every Moment, where under the Appearance of Rest, reigns the most rapid Motion ; in that Region of hidden Intrigues, of dark Perfidies, of deep and deliberate Wickedness ; where Men shew Respect without esteeming, applaud without approving, serve without loving, hurt without hating,

hating, offer themselves out of Vanity, promise themselves out of Policy, give up themselves out of Interest, engage themselves without Sincerity, withdraw themselves, abandon without Decency and without Shame. In that Labyrinth of crooked Windings, where Prudence walks in Hazard, where the Road of Prosperity so often leads to Misfortune, where the Qualities necessary for Promotion, are an Obstacle towards the attaining it ; where you escape Contempt, only by incurring Hatred ; where modest Merit is forgot, because it does not declare itself ; where Merit that shews itself, is set aside, and oppressed, because it is dreaded ; where the happy have no Friends, since there remain none to the unfortunate. There, from the first Step the Abbé **D E FLEURY** makes in those intricate Paths, one would think he had traced them a thousand Times. The People that inhabit them from their Infancy, are not so well acquainted with them : The Reason is plain : Experience, Study, Art, are necessary only for ordinary Men : Great Geniuses are born whatever they are to be : Time shews them, it unveils them, it does not form them. With one Glance, the Abbé **D E FLEURY** penetrates into the Secret of all Cabals, he lays hold of the Knot of all Intrigues, he discerns the Competition and Opposition of all Interests. He brings to Court the Talents that are usually sought there, he catches none of the Vices it is accustomed to bestow. As he is happy in joining the Complaisance, the Dexterity of the Courtier, with the Probity of the honest Man, he has the Gift of pleasing without Forwardness, of paying Respect without Meanness, of praising without Flattery, of adhering to Merit, and shewing some, of gaining Friends and preserving them. Societies of the finest, the most delicate, the most difficult Taste, receive him, call him, invite him. The Houses of the Great, the Palaces of Princes, the Cabinets of Ministers are open to the Abbé **D E FLEURY** ; he finds in them Esteem, Friendship, Confidence. Opposite Factions unmask before him, without fearing either the Mistakes of Indiscretion

discretion, or the Perfidiousness of Interest ; he wins all Hearts, he obtains universal Approbation.

What Schemes would a vain and ambitious Mind have conceived in such Circumstances ! With what Dreams, with what Phantoms of Power and Prosperity would it have been inebriated ! The wise Man, on the contrary, confines his Thoughts to the discharging of his Duty, he leaves to Heaven the Care of ordering Fortune. When raised to the Episcopacy, I see that learned, polite, affable, engaging Man, the Darling of the Court, bury himself in the Mountains of *Provence*. Solely taken up in maintaining Order in his Diocese, in instilling the Spirit of the Priesthood into the Minds of the young Disciples, the Hope of the Sanctuary ; in proving their Vocation ; in watching over their Manners and their Studies ; in diving into the utmost Recesses of their Bias and Inclinations ; in encouraging their Talents, and in employing them ; in informing himself of Abuses, and in reforming them ; in obviating the Dangers of the Faith, and in removing them ; in learning the Wants of his People, and in relieving them ; in rooting out Scandals, and in correcting them ; in reuniting divided Families, in sanctifying them ; in restoring the Decency, the Majesty of public Worship, and in augmenting it ; in guiding Fervour concealed in the Shade of the Desert, and in perfecting it. His Tenderness, his Vigilance, speak him the Father, the Pastor. So natural in his Behaviour, so simple in his Expressions, you would be apt to say he has seen no other People ; that those Mountains were his Cradle, that he knows no more than they have been able to teach him. His Talents become useless to him, he forgets them, he knows them not ; Occasion requires them, he finds them again.

The Duke of *Savoy*, after seeing his Capital on the Point of falling under our Arms, of becoming by an unforeseen Revolution, the fatal Bound of our Triumphs ; carried along by the Torrent of our Misfortunes, and of his Successes, he penetrates into our Provinces. How shall the Bishop of *Frejus* behave in so ticklish

ticklish a Situation? Fear neither the Imprudence of a Steadiness too austere, nor the Meanness of a cringing and fearful Policy. Guided by Wisdom, he shall carry to the Duke of *Savoy* the Tribute of Respect and Complaisance that is due to all Thrones; faithful to his Master, he will not dishonour the *French* Name, by paying dastardly Homage to Fortune. His respectful and prudent Behaviour draw upon him the Eyes, and gain him the Good Graces of the Prince; a noble Freedom wins him his Esteem: He refuses to call himself his Subject, and he is not treated as an Enemy; he disarms Victory, without submitting to the Victor: By a complaisant Conduct, which *Versailles* approves, by a steady Conduct, which *Turin* applauds, he signalizes his Zeal for his King, and saves his People from the Fury of War.

Happy People, and worthy to be happy! You have taken Care that the Memory of this Benefit should never die amongst you; that through the Space of Ages, it should arrive to your latest Posterity; that each revolving Year should bring back the Day consecrated to your Gratitude. Your kindest Wishes had been fulfilled, had Heaven preserved You your Protector. But a vaster Career was due to so many Talents the Moment was approaching, when that so modest Merit was to be unveiled before the Eyes of the whole World, and by all the Services that a Subject can render to his King, to shew itself worthy of all that a King can do for his Subject.

Lewis XIV. that Monarch, the Glory of his People and of his Age, the Glory of Religion and of the State, more a Hero in the Decline of Years and Prosperity, than in the Bloom of his Youth and of his Victories; whose Virtue proved by Misfortune, forced Fortune at length to blush at her Inconstancy, made her know her Weakness, taught her that it belongs to her neither to give, nor to take away true Greatness. *Lewis XIV.* had seen his numerous Posterity pass away as a Shadow: Alone in his immense Palaces, he seems to survive himself: His Eyes on the point of closing

for ever, perceive in the Room of so many Flowers cropt in their Spring, but one Flower scarce blown, weak, trembling, almost devoured by the Blast that had consumed, withered so many flourishing Stems. A second *Joash*, the only Remnant of the Race of *David*, snatched out of the Wrack of his august House, hardly able to make way through the Ruins under which he seemed buried. In this Child are united the Affections of his Heart and the Views of his Mind, the Tenderness of a Father, and the Projects of a King. O could he only by his Lessons and Example, form him in the great Art of Reigning! But Time runs, the Grave opens before the Monarch, the Grave expects and requires him: He thinks therefore of finding a proper Person to supply his Place with his Successor. But on whom shall the Choice fall of that Prince grown old in the Study and Knowledge of Men; of that Prince, whose Choice of the *Boſuets* and *Fenelons*, had proved and done Honour to his Judgment? He sends for the Bishop of *Frejus*: To him he commits the Fate of his Family and Kingdom.

Here should I not finish my Discourse? The Approbation of the Father, and the Virtues of the Son; *Lewis XIV.* and *Lewis XV.* To have merited the Confidence of that King who was the Glory of France, to have educated for France that King who constitutes the Happiness of it: To attempt to add to this Elogium, surely were to weaken it. Indeed, if the nobleſt, the happiest Endeavour of the human Mind, is to form another Mind, what must it be to educate a Prince born for the Throne?

But what is it to educate a Prince born for the Throne? It is in the Quality of a Christian, to imprint deeply on the Mind, and to establish in the Heart of a young Prince, those great and sublime Maxims which St. *Augustine* sets forth with so much Energy in his Books of the *City of God*: That the Greatness of Kings consists in their remembering, that though Kings to the People, they are but Men before God: *Si se homines reminerint*: In maintaining the Rights of Religion as steadily

steadily as the Interests of the Crown: *Si suam potestatem ad Dei cultum, majestati ejus famulam faciant.* That the King truly King, is not the Prince who extends his Dominion, but he who multiplies his Virtues: Not the Prince who commands the World, but he who commands his Passions: Not the Prince, who leaves his Name in earthly Records, but he whose Name shall be written in the Book of Life: Not the Prince whose Fortune fulfils and prevents his Desires, but he who wants only God, who seeks only God, who is King only for God: *Si Deum timent, diligunt, colunt; si malunt cupiditatibus quam gentibus imperare, tales imperatores felices dicimus.*

What is it to educate a Prince born for the Throne? It is in Quality of a virtuous Citizen, to engrave on the inmost Recesses of his Soul, those immutable Principles of Order and Equity, whence the reciprocal Engagements of Empire and Obedience, of Authority and Allegiance, of Prince and Subject, derive their Stability, their Invariableness: That the People are to the King, what the King is for the People; that the Prince is no less born to obey Reason, than to command Men; that a Master without Moderation and without Equity, would no less violate the Laws of Society, than a People without Submission, and without Fidelity.

What is it to educate a Prince born for the Throne? It is as a faithful Subject, to trace out to him the Roads of true Glory; to tell him what never will be told him again, that the Purple, the Diadem borrow their highest Lustre from the Brightness of the Virtues; that Merit alone attracts Applause, that Dignity extorts only Adulation, more dishonourable to the Prince that loves it, than to the Courtier that lavishes it on him.

What is it to educate a Prince born for the Throne? It is to form to him a Merit, composed of all Sorts of Merits. A King has all Kinds of Duties to discharge; he has need of all Manner of Talents and Virtues united, collected, blended in so perfect a Mixture, that Majesty do not take away Confidence, that Affability

diminish not Respect ; that Authority cramp not Liberty, that Goodness do not weaken the Vigour to Command ; that Justice do not confine Clemency, that Lenity give no Encouragement to the Hopes of Impunity ; that Bravery do not disturb the Quiet of the World, that the Love of Peace suffer no Injury to the Interests and Reputation of the State ; that Vivacity do not precipitate the Execution of Projects, that Wisdom lose none of the rapid Moments that decide the Fate of Empires. Nay I know not but to reign requires all the Qualities of the Mind and of the Heart. Are fewer requisite for teaching a Prince to reign ? I would not venture to say so ; it is perhaps as difficult to form a great King, as to be one.

And if it is so difficult to educate a Prince born for the Throne, what must it be to educate a Prince already King ? *Theodosius* rendered *Arcadius* and *Honorius* docil to the Lessons of *Arsenius*. A Word, a Look of *Lewis XIV.* that King, as much King in his Family, as in his Kingdom, seconded the Genius of the *Bosquets* and *Fenelons*. A Child, whom the Throne awaits, is not ignorant that he has a Master ; a Child who fills the Throne, is he ignorant that he is King ? The Heart and the Passions give him early Notice, I know not how, of his Greatness ; he tastes it before he knows it. To what Dangers is a Prince's Virtue exposed by a too sudden Elevation ! What Genius shall unite sufficient Parts, Wisdom, Prudence, Circumspection, Dexterity, to reprove his King without displeasing him ; to contradict him without provoking him ; to reconcile Steadiness with Complaisance, Authority with Respect, the Tone of Master with the Submission of Subject ?

Whilst I am tracing this Sketch, every one of you is naming the Bishop of *Frejus*. Here you see him such as he was about our young Monarch. It was by no means that weak, timorous Education, that softens, that enervates the Mind ; that gives up the Heart to its Desires, the Humour to its Sallies, the Imagination to its Ravings, and the Wit to its Inconstancy ;

stancy ; that being only assiduous to please, dares neither to point out Reason, nor to persuade Duty ; and is not ashamed to purchase the Favour of an august Pupil, at the Expence of his Virtues and his Merit. You may remember the Acclamations with which *Europe* rung, upon Sight of the King in his most tender Years, in the First-Fruits, and as it were the Essay of his Reign. Even then a Pattern of Piety, of Meekness, of Discretion, of that Merit which the Scripture looks upon as the proper Merit of Kings ; that Fund of Wisdom and Prudence, the Merit of the Understanding ; that Fund of Goodness and Humanity, the Merit of the Heart.

It was by no Means that gloomy, fierce, austere Education, whereof the dull and harsh Lessons extinguish the Fire of the Imagination, vitiate the Endowments of the Mind, and provoke the Activity of the Passions. It was that inimitable Talent of taking away from Precepts their Dryness, their Aridity ; of occupying the Mind without fatiguing it, of fixing it without confining it ; of inviting it by the Bait of Pleasure, of alluring it by the Taste of Novelty, of filling it with the Desire of knowing what it ought to learn, of insinuating rather than teaching ; of giving to Discourses, Soul, Life, Sentiment.

It was by no Means that Education of worldly and profane Wisdom, which leaves a Prince ignorant of nothing, except of that it most concerns him to know, the Precepts, the Principles of his Religion. Shall I say that the Bishop of *Frejus* was throughly sensible, convinced of the Truth, the Divinity, the Holiness of the *Christian* Faith ? Good God, to what Times hast thou reserved us, if such Circumstances as these must enter into his Elogy ! He had a thousand Virtues that did Honour to his Age : How melancholy a Thing it is, that the Vices and Depravation of his Age, augment the Value and Merit of his Virtues ! Unhappy Age, wherein Ignorance and Pride emulously quaff the Poison of Impiety in the Cup of Seduction, which the Passions and Pleasure present to them ! Age

of Blindness and fatal Darkness, wherein the Mind carried away by the imperious and too bewitching Allurement of a false Liberty, loves to plunge itself into the bottomless Abyss of extravagant and rash Speculations ; to wander in a Maze of captious Sophisms, where it needs must lose itself, and never be found again ! Of this the Bishop of *Frejus* dreaded the Danger and Contagion. He well knew that the Interests, the Desires of the Court conspire against the Virtues and Religion of the Prince. With what Care did he apply himself therefore to paint to him Irreligion in its true Colours ? to shew it him as it is : Uneasiness of Mind, Deafness to Reason, the Bait of Libertinism in the Heart, the Desire of Impunity in the Passions ; favourable to Vice, which it renders void of Fear ; dismal for Probity, which it leaves without Hope : Strange Medley of fluctuating and uncertain Opinions, which the honest Man cannot adopt, without incurring the Necessity of being soon put to the Blush, either for his Heart corrupted by his Persuasions, or for his Virtues contradicted by his System ! How often did he represent to him, that Religion is the firmest Prop of Authority, the Support of the Laws, the Soul of the State ; that to secure the common Felicity, it were sufficient to give to the People Masters, and to the Princes People, trained up in the School of Religion ? —— What immortal Thanks do we owe to Providence, which has blessed us with a King who loves Religion, as a Christian ; who loves Religion, as a King. Religion set in its most amiable Light, by so able a Hand, pleased the young Monarch ; he opened his Soul to it : As Religion gives the Qualities of the Heart ; with Religion entered Gratitude, Confidence, Friendship.

Friendship ! And I speak of a King ! Until our Days, the Throne too much open to Passions, has seemed inaccessible to Sentiment. The Condition of Princes was pitied ; they might, they had Reason to envy the Lot of the Man of low Birth, condemned to grovel in the Dust. If the latter tastes the Sweets of

of pure and ingenuous Friendship, is he not sufficiently revenged for all the Affronts of Fortune? Whereas the greatest Monarch, without Friends, shall live without Satisfaction. Let Princes no more accuse their Rank, their Dignity; they have nothing to complain of, but their Heart. It was reserved for **LEWIS**, to teach Kings, that Friendship is by no Means a Virtue, that debases them; that it is by no Means a Happiness denied them by Heaven. It was reserved for the Bishop of *Frejus*, to teach Mankind, that a Subject may aspire at gaining the Heart of his Master.

Noble, and illustrious Reward! which fully satisfied the Wishes of the Bishop of *Frejus*; but was not sufficient for the Monarch's Gratitude. Being called to Council, honoured with the *Roman* Purple, commissioned, under the Orders of the Prince, to take Care of the Welfare of the State; to complete his good Fortune, the Cardinal **DE FLEURY** owes the Esteem, the Confidence of the King, only to his own Merit and Virtues; he owes his Elevation, only to the Esteem and Confidence of the King; of that King, profound in his Designs, impenetrable in his Projects, constant in his Resolutions; of that King, whose just, wise, steady, active, penetrating Genius supports the Weight of Affairs without Perplexity, presides without Trouble and without Uneasiness, at the vast multiplicity of them; of that King, whom we see dare, scorn the combined Efforts of *Europe*, as far from fearing War out of Softness, as from loving it out of Ambition. How many other Reigns have borrowed their Glory from the Genius of the Persons called to the Administration of public Affairs: In this, it is the Qualities of the Monarch that constitute the Glory of the Minister. The Merit of the Master declares the Merit of the Subject. The less the Cardinal **DE FLEURY** was necessary, the more glorious will it be for him, that so great a King thought him useful for the Good of his Kingdom.

Return therefore, GENTLEMEN, return now to the Cardinal D E FLEURY. I have pointed out to you the Paths wherein he trod. Far from perceiving the Impulses, the Intrigues, the Plots of covetous and restless Ambition, you will see only Merit, proved in the most ticklish Employments, signalized by the most important Services, modest, peaceable, quiet, content with what it is, without Eagerness to attain what it is not, rise to Preferment, the Work of Virtue alone, stamp'd with the Image and Seal of Wisdom. *All good Things together came to me with Wisdom, and innumerable Riches in her Hands.*

Being now informed of the Road the Wise Man takes to arrive at Honours, learn from the Example of the Cardinal D E FLEURY, how the Wise Man renders his Honours useful to his Country by his Talents, and by the Use of his Talents.

P A R T II.

However difficult it may be to arrive at the first Employments with the Esteem and Applause of the People, it is still more difficult to support than to bring a great Reputation. Honoured with the Confidence of the King, the Cardinal D E FLEURY is not long before he justifies the Choice of the Prince by his Talents; by Talents, the most useful, the most necessary, to the Happiness and Prosperity of the State.

Such a Figure as those Geniuses make in the learned World, that are as far above the Man of Parts as the Man of Parts is above the People; those Men, whose lively, fertile, elevated Imagination produces without Difficulty those happy Turns, those fine and delicate Reflexions, those bold Strokes, that Great, that Moving, that Sublime, which ravishes, which touches, which transports, which enchant; the Beauties of their Style, Beauties plain and natural, Beauties noble and exalted, have all the Embellishment, all the Ornaments of Art; but none of the Constraint and Servitude of it. Nothing favours of Effort, of Labour. Such in the Order of

Intelligences

Intelligences destined to move the Springs of States, just such a Figure made the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**. To him Schemes present themselves discussed, so to speak, and concerted; Affairs unraveled and laid open, Difficulties cleared up and surmounted. He has been seen without Study, without Preparation, to dictate the most important Dispatches, with a Copiousness, a so rapid Succession of Ideas, with a Distinctness and Accuracy of Expression, with so close a Concatenation, and Contexture of Facts and Arguments, that he seemed to read a Dispatch throughly canvassed, corrected, finished with the Leisure of the most deliberate Attention. Does an unforeseen Event interrupt him in the Course of his Work? He lends himself to a new Object, without quitting the former; his Mind enlarges according to the Necessity of Conjunctions; Ideas multiply without Confusion; or rather, he abandons the first Ideas; he takes no Pains to fix them, because he is not afraid of losing them: Restored to himself, he resumes his Rout without being obliged to go back, without Danger of repeating what he has said, or omitting what he has not.

That which flows with such Impetuosity, will it not vanish with equal Swiftneſſ? No, **GENTLEMEN**; Nothing gives Trouble to the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, Nothing escapes him. His pliant Memory, ready to receive the Traces, faithful in preserving them, exact in representing them, knows no Difference between the Past and the Present; he sees again what he has seen, he hears what he has heard, he answers what he has answered; what shall have ſlipt out of your Remembrance, of your Pretensions, of your Interests, of your Motives, of your Proceedings, you shall find again in the Mind of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**: What he once has learnt, he shall always be in Condition to impart to the Master who taught it him.

Hence that Peace, that Calm, that Tranquillity, whose smiling, gentle, amiable Impression diffused itself around. Schemes formed, digested by a slow and dull Meditation, leave in the Look, in the Behaviour,

haviour, the Trace, and as it were the Counter-Blow of the painful Efforts that occasion them. The Mind exhausted falls back upon itself, having no longer sufficient Strength, Motion, and Life to get out of the Abyss of its profound Musings. Did ever any one see in the Cardinal D E FLEURY, that Air of pensive and unsociable Recollection, of uneasy Distractions, of plodding and laborious Attention, the Lot of Men of narrow Capacities, who are always thinking, because they never think with sufficient Strength and Clearness? At whatever Instant you approach the Cardinal D E FLEURY, if you want only the Friend, the Citizen; the Minister, the Statesman disappear: Undisturbed he will lend himself to the Gaiety of Conversation, to the Amusements of Litterature, to the Detail of News, of public and private Events, as if he stood in need of somewhat to prevent the Spleen, or to fill up the Gaps of an useles or unoccupied Life.

Hence that Strength, that constant and unalterable Vigour of Mind and Constitution. In those exalted Stations, there is Danger of a sudden Fall. Those Trees that are situated on the Summit of the Mountain, and so continually shaken by the Storm and Tempest, are soon rooted up, and cover the Earth with their Ruins; the incessant Struggle undermines, consumes, and drains the Source of Life in their Veins. The Cardinal D E FLEURY, Master of the great Art of giving himself successively to Labour and Rest, of assuming and laying aside at Pleasure the serious Part of Schemes and Business, experienced the Truth of these Words of Scripture: That the Sleep of the truly wise Man is a sweet, a peaceful Sleep; a Sleep of the Soul as well as of the Body; a Sleep, which, with the Blood, revives and renews the Mind: *Thou shalt lie down, and thy Sleep shall be sweet.* And indeed we have seen him carry to the most advanced Age, the Fire of Youth, the Sallies of Imagination; the Flowers of the Spring beyond the Autumn: *A merry Heart doth good like a Medicine,* saith the Scripture: *It maketh a gay old Age.*

As

As for him, Time flow'd without leaving any Trace of its Passage ; each Day restored, brought back to him, what the preceding had taken from him. He had almost accustomed us to doubt, whether he was not excepted from the common Law : And after so long a Life, his Death had all the Wonderful of a Prodigy : *He died in a good old Age.*

Hence that impenetrable Secrecy. Too often Statesmen, the most distrustful, the most cautious, suffer themselves to be guessed at, if they do not discover themselves ; they signify their Secret, if they do not reveal it ; their Projects, their Fears, their Hopes are read in their Looks, in their very Silence ; they say Nothing, and they conceal Nothing. In vain shall you seek the Secret of State, on the Countenance of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**. To judge of the Situation of the Vessel, by the Conduct of the Pilot, it fails on a Sea unruffled by the smallest Blasts ; it is gently carried along by the Course of a River, that glides with an uniform Motion. What the Cardinal **D E FLEURY** has a Mind to hide from the Suspicions, from the Conjectures of Curiosity, he forgets, without forgetting it : His Memory opens to receive it ; it shuts again, in order not to restore it, but when he shall require it. Thus eased of the Weight of the Secret, he is subject neither to the Danger of telling it, nor to the Difficulty of keeping it.

Hence that Extent, that infinite Variety of Knowledges. Commerce, Finances, War, the Marine, Justice, Religion, the Functions and Prerogatives of Offices, the Rights of the Prince and the People, all these he was obliged to inspect ; all these he knew, as one ought to know them in those first Posts, wherein a particular Genius ceases to be Judgment and Reason ; he knew them by great Principles, by general Views. What most concerned him to know, who knew it so much, and so well as He ? To weigh the respective Power of States, to examine the Interests of Princes, to study their Pretensions, to distinguish their Rivalries and Jealousies, to see through the Veils wherewith they cover their ambitious Con-

duct, to be thorough Master of the Manners, the Bias, the Humour, the Genius of Nations, to the very Names, Talents and Capacity of the particular Persons of Eminence in every State. It might be said of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, that he dwelled in all Parts of Europe, that he was educated in all the Courts, that he treated with all the Ministers, that he conversed with all the learned Men, that he assisted at all the Councils. The Ambassador arrived at *Versailles*, doubts in some sort whether he has left *Rome*, *Vienna*, *London*, *Madrid*; whether he speaks to one of his own Prince's Ministers, or to the Minister of the King to whom he is sent. And this Knowledge, the most necessary, nevertheless so uncommon in those that know the most, the Knowledge of Men, was it not the Knowledge of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**? In a Moment's Conversation, Conversation seemingly general, indifferent, he has pierced into the most secret Recesses of your Heart. *Counsel in the Heart of Man is like deep Water, but a Man of Understanding will draw it out.* Equally dextrous in concealing his own Projects and in penetrating into your Designs, perhaps there was no Man less known than the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**; no Man who knew other Men better.

To so many Talents of Wit and Genius, add the Talents of clear and enlightened Reason, of true and sound Policy; that Talent without which Talents are nothing, that of employing and rendering them useful to the Country. What Minister ever shewed himself so devoted to the public Felicity? Scarce has the King declared that he will govern the Kingdom himself by the Counsels of the Bishop of *Frejus*, when the Spirit of Mildness and Moderation presides over the Fate of the Empire, and over the Fortune of the Citizen. The Debts of the State, the most ancient Debts, Debts often refused, at last forgotten, are discharged with the most religious Exactness. Confidence revives, Money circulates. What Schemes are devised, and executed for clearing the public Funds, without incroaching upon Individuals! No Variation in the Coin; this so delicate

Article

Article, the Object of so many Remonstrances, Petitions, Desires, which we had almost ceased to wish, because we durst not presume to hope it, in the Course of so many Years, in so critical Conjunctures, suffers no Attack. Commerce rests upon a solid Basis, upon an immoveable Prop; Knavery has no more Hopes, Honesty nothing to fear. The Officer, the Soldier, no longer complain of their too long delayed Payments. The different Bodies of the State are maintained in their Rights and Prerogatives, confined within their Bounds and Limits, united by the Bonds of Concord. If any unforeseen Commotion threaten to disturb the Harmony, to destroy the Equilibrium; in the Hands of Cardinal **DE FLEURY** the Thunder roars, it foretels its Approach by faint and glimmering Flashes; it forthwith is hush'd. The Cardinal **DE FLEURY** does not give Way, he does not yield, but he takes another Course to arrive at the same Goal; he uses only Persuasion, and is successful. The Motion of Authority is so gentle, so imperceptible, that it is not felt; so strong is it, so powerful, that it is not resisted.

To paint and characterize the Genius and Talents of a Statesman, have I then only to present to you that dull Uniformity of so peaceable an Administration? Ah! **GENTLEMEN**, the Cardinal **DE FLEURY** will not envy some Ministers, greedy of Reputation, the Advantage of signalizing themselves by tumultuous Schemes, by bold Designs, by vast Enterprizes; of introducing on the Stage of the World, moving Scenes whereof they themselves are the Actors and Authors; of imitating those Torrents, those Combustions, that leave the Remembrance of their Passage in the Wrack and Ruin of Empires. It has been said, happy the Nation, whose Annals shall not amuse Posterity with bloody Revolutions! I add, truly great, and worthy eternal Love the Minister, whose History shall form Statesmen only in the Art of rendering Nations happy! It must be owned, that the maintaining a long Peace, does not draw popular Acclamations and Applauses; the Nation enjoys its Happiness, without perceiving it. Peace is the

the Health of the State, a Blessing never duly prized, till its Loss comes to be regretted. The Cardinal **DE FLEURY** knows not that Love of false Glory, the Foible, or let us better term it, the Littleness of great Men. What does it concern him that his Talents are unknown? He wishes that the Happiness of the State may render them useless.

But so far from being useless, how necessary were they? That long Peace, that darkened them in the Eyes of the Vulgar how much does it heighten their Lustre in the Eyes of the Philosopher? And indeed, who knows whether it was not harder for that great, that mighty Genius, whom impartial Posterity shall consider as the first Author of our Victories and Conquests; who knows I say, whether it was not harder for him to preserve our Successes than to prepare them? The Moment you rise upon the Ruins of a too dreaded Power, you become the Object of Terror, you succeed to the Hatred it inspired. Political Interest divides what it had united; it had armed Nations in your Behalf, in order to hinder your Fall; it arms them against you, in order to prevent your Designs, Hence, in all Ages, that Flux and Reflux of Monarchies, exalted and brought low, upheld and overturned, by the Efforts of the People united at first to defend, and afterwards to destroy them. Hence the Solution of that Political Problem, that Empires begin to draw near their Fall, as soon as they arrive at too blazing a Prosperity; and that the Instant of their Glory brings on the Moment of their Ruin. But under *Lewis XIII* the House of *Austria* threatened *Europe* with approaching Slavery; under *Lewis XV* Ambition fruitful in Impostures, in order to attain to the Reality of a Power fatal to *Europe*, presented to us the odious Phantom of it. I now beg leave to ask You, wherein Fortitude, Activity, Sublimity of Understanding and Genius are more display'd? In conducting Confederacies, or in hindering them; in collecting Clouds and Vapours in order to raise a Storm, or in dispelling them; in exciting Suspicions, or in preventing them; in kindling Jealousies, or in quenching them;

them; in stirring up *Europe* against the Heirs of *Philip II*, or in making it forget the Successes of *Lewis XIV*, and in Love with the Power of his Successor.

Run over, GENTLEMEN, run over in Mind the Annals of the Monarchy, the Epochs glorious to *France*! Shall you find one that equals the Pomp, the Splendor of the Spectacle that the Congress of *Soissons* presents to us? *Rome* saw once such another; and placed that Day in the Number of her happiest Days: But *Rome* attracted by Fear, the forced Homage of Nations terrified and trembling at the too neighbouring Danger of becoming a Prey to her violent and tyrannical Usurpations. The Ambassadors of the several Powers of *Europe*, come willingly into *France*; but another Attractive guides them, the Attractive of Confidence and Esteem. No more of those Jealousies, no more of those nice Punctilioes of Precedency. The Cardinal *DE FLEURY* seems not so much to assist at that august Assembly, as Ambassador Plenipotentiary of *France*, as to preside in it as Head of the Senate of *Europe*. No more of those Distrusts so destructive of the Union, and Concord of the World. Every Nation intrusts him with the Secret of its Views, of its Designs, of its Fears, of its Hopes. The King calls him to attend his Person: Foreign Ministers follow him. What new kind of Glory to *France*! which, ever feared, wanted but to be loved! Behold then the Ambassadors of so many States, behold them united under the Shadow of that Throne, whereof at the Beginning of the Century, they had conspired, almost expected the Ruin; no more to dive into its Views, to provide against its Designs, to spread in their own Country, the Hatred and Terror of the French Name: but to be more at hand to receive true and disinterested Counsels; to proclaim to the World that Heaven has bestowed on *France*, a King born for the Happiness of all Kingdoms; that Heaven has bestowed on *France* a Minister worthy of his King. Too happy were the Land, had it always such Kings, had it always like Ministers! But can the Land enjoy its

its Happiness? Can it perserve it? Are there any Mounds that can restrain the Licence and Audaciousnes of the Passions? Or to talk in a truer Strain: Providence mocks at the Projects of Men; and to teach us that in vain the strong Men of *Judah* watch round about *Sion*, if the Lord watch not with them, and for them; it permits Peace suddenly to bring forth the Furies of War.

That magnanimous Prince whom we saw rise to the Throne by his Merit, adorn it with his Virtues; quit it, disdain it, when in order to continue the King of his People, he must have ceased to be the Father of it; that Prince united to *France* by the most sacred Ties, the Desires of his Country call him; Cabals, intestine Factions, conducted, fomented, supported, emboldened——But let us forget Events revenged by the Success of War, made amends for by the Advantages of Peace.

Lewis commands: the Cardinal *DE FLEURY* makes the Forces take the Field. Now the *Rhine* and the *Po* flow under our Dominion; two Battles won in *Italy*; Prince *Eugene* an idle Spectator of our Conquests; the Empire open and defenceless, promise and make way for new Triumphs. But the Contagion of Prosperity has no Power over the Wise Man: Though Necessity shall sometimes oblige him to War; his Desire, says St. *Augustine*, shall be eternally for Peace. *Pacem debet habere Voluntas, Bellum Necesitas.* The Moderation of the Victor suspends, stops Victory in its most rapid Career; pacified *Europe* regains its Calm and Quiet. With Peace return the Sweets, the Advantages of Peace; the Monarch true to his Word, suffers not the Hardships of War to extend beyond the Bounds of the War; Taxes vanish; *France* would forget that she was obliged to fight, if the Glory and the Fruit of her Victories recalled it not to her Remembrance.

How unequal am I, GENTLEMEN, to find Expressions worthy of the Event, to transmit to future Ages, what we have seen, what perhaps we admire not sufficiently, because we have seen it? The House

of

of *Austria* was going to Ruin before its Head; its Armies without Soldiers, without Officers; its Dominions without Treasure, without Councils, as a Prey to Discord, laid open to the *Ottoman*, an easier Career, than the *Bajazets*, *Solymans*, and *Selims* had been able by so many Battles and Victories. By the Command, under the Auspices, of the King, the Cardinal ~~DE~~ *FLEURY* lends his Genius to the Preservation of *Christendom*; both Empires commit their Interests to him: He sets Bounds, which the Audaciousness of the Victor shall not presume to surpass; he dictates a Treaty, which the less successful Nation accepts with Pleasure, and without Shame: The Conditions are settled with so much Wisdom, that the one finds in them the Value of their Toils and Triumphs, the other finds in Peace Advantages proper to console them for the Misfortunes of War.

Just God, those Strokes of magnanimous and disinterested Zeal, are engraved in the Book wherein thou writest the Fate of Empires! Hatred, Jealousy, Umbrages, Suspicions, unjust Distrusts, a thousand private Interests covered with the Cloak of common Interest, fill *Europe* with Trouble and Confusion. You see that House escaped from Wrack, elated with some Successes, attempt to force us to regret our Generosity, to repent of having enabled them to forget our Favours. Confound, punish — My Heart forms Wishes more worthy to be heard in the Sanctuary — Lord, command the Winds and Waves, and Calm shall take Place of the Tempest. May the hostile Powers remember, that in their Distress *France* was their Refuge. No, may they forget it! The Remembrance of past Misfortunes provokes Pride; and Jealousy pardons not Services, when they speak so much Strength and Power.

A Minister guided by those great Views of wise and virtuous Policy, should have belyed all his Principles, had he neglected the Interests of Religion, brought low by our so many fatal Divisions? Days of Presumption and Indocility, when through a Refinement of Com-

pliance and of profound Dissimulation, Error, extensive and daring in her Projects, timorous and cautious in her Procedure, condemns the Church, and quits it not; acknowledges Authority, and submits not; scorns the Yoke of Subordination, and shakes it not off; reverences the Pastors, and follows them not; imperceptibly looses the Bonds of Unity, and breaks them not; without Peace and without War, without Revolt and without Obedience.

I Stop (Holy Religion, thou knowest it!) content with groaning in Silence, under the Misfortunes of *Sion*, with recalling by my Wishes, my Sighs, fugitive Peace, Union, Concord, Simplicity; I lend my Voice trembling and with Regret, to recount thy Dangers and thy Calamities! So far would I be from perpetuating the Remembrance of them, that I should chuse to bury them in eternal Oblivion; were it allowable to defraud my Audience of that Portion of the Glory of Cardinal **DE FLEURY**, which was not so much his Glory as yours.

By what Instances of Docility did he signalize the Purity, the Integrity of the Faith? With what Strength of Expression did he paint in the Writing, wherein he drew his last Will, his perfect Submission to the late Decisions of the Church; his lively and tender Thankfulness for the Favour Heaven had vouchsafed him, in preserving him from his Youth up from every Allurement of Novelty? With what profound Reverence was he affected for the Head of the Church? How many Times was he heard to confess, to acknowledge, that the Church of **JESUS CHRIST**, is the Church built upon *Peter*; that the Roads of Separation, are but Roads of Error and Falshood; that the Branch lives no longer than it continues joined to the Stock; that Reasoning is the Amusement of the Philosopher, Obedience the Christian's Portion? When honoured with the King's Confidence, did he forget the Decision of St. *Augustine*, that if the Citizen frequently owes only his Example to Religion, Kings, and Kings Ministers, owe also their Zeal to it.

How

How many Stumbling-blocks and Precipices are there in the Road of Zeal! How hard is it to walk always with an equal Pace, between the two Extremes of a Zeal that acts with two great Impetuosity, and a Zeal which suffers with two much Indulgence! There is Hazard in exasperating Men's Minds, all is lost by not restraining them. What may not be hoped from Time, what is not to be feared from it? As Zeal with Vigour and Authority prevents the Progress of Seduction, and over-awes the Temerity of the Seducer; a Zeal with Mildness and Moderation, wins, touches, brings back to Reason, Minds already seduced.

But what was the Zeal of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**? We are ignorant what the united Interests, the Interests inseparable of the Church and State enjoined him on a thousand Occasions. What we know is, that he loved Religion, that he loved Peace: That what Warmth and Activity animated his Zeal, had no other Object than to maintain, to defend Religion; that what Mildness and Moderation governed his Zeal, had no other Object than to promote, to preserve Peace. What we know is, that what Vigour and Steadiness he shewed, frequently proceeded only from his Love for Peace; he punished, that by a Beginning of Severity, he might save himself the Necessity of punishing more severely; that what Mildness and Moderation he shew'd, often had its Source in the Love of Religion: He thought to serve it better by seeming less to serve it. What we know is, that his Intentions were pure and upright; That the Temper, the Character of his Soul, was Peace, Meekness, Charity; of Consequence, that had any Imperfection mixed with his Zeal, he would have had some Inconsiderable Defects, only because he had great Virtues, that his Heart would be sufficient to justify his Conduct.

What we know is, that under the Ministry of Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, the Wounds of the Church began to close, Tranquillity to revive, the Episcopacy to unite, the Clergy to return to Order and Subordination, the Flock to hear the Voice of the Pastors, the Allurements

of Seduction to lose Ground, vain Prodigies to disappear, the learned Universities to submit to Authority, the Education of Youth to be committed to Men of pure and sound Doctrine; Communities distinguished by Virtues and Talents, to give Example of Submission; Mens Wits to shun the Heats and Animosities of Dispute, their Hearts to resume the Love of Peace and Unity. What we know is, that whatever Services he did to Religion, they never fulfilled the Extent of his Zeal and Desires.

You needs must own, **GENTLEMEN**, that so many Labours to establish, to preserve, to augment the Peace, the Tranquillity, the Happiness of the Church and State, would have exhausted the Talents, and stinted the Activity of any other Genius. But the greatest Empire is not vast enough for the Head and the Heart of Cardinal *DE FLEURY*: So vigilant, so eager is he to stifle the Seeds of Discord in their Birth, to crush them in their Bud, that he extends his Cares whithersoever he is called by the plaintive Cries of Peace, disturbed by fatal Dissensions, or alarmed by tumultuous Commotions, the Presages and First-Fruits of War! Destined to be the Bond of Nations, the Peace-maker of *Europe*; the Authority his King gives him over one, he dedicates to the Happiness of all Nations. And so all Nations have but one Language. There the Temples resound with Prayers for the Life and Health; here the Academies with Elogies, to immortalize the Virtues of that wise Minister. *His Fame went out throughout all the Provinces.*

And I need not be afraid to say, that in proportion as he shall advance, as he shall remove from us, in the Order and Succession of Ages, each Day will augment the Glory of his Name. *And this Man shall wax greater and greater.* At the Moment that deprives us of them, those great Men strike our Eyes too near. It is with them, as with those Statues destined to adorn public Edifices, to decorate the Fronts of Temples and Palaces; their Beauties, their Features, the Justness of the Proportions, are not discovered, do not shine

shine but at the proper Distance. Would we then at the Close of this second Part, pass an impartial Judgment on the Genius, the Talents, the Successes of the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**? Let us forget that we have seen him, that, so to speak, we still see him: Let us blot out of our Remembrance, what will perish swallowed up in the Abyss of Time; let us dare to be disinterested Posterity, without Prejudices and without Passions. After having put the Distance of some Centuries betwixt us and the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, placed in that point of View; let us consider, under his Ministry, *France*, at Home, peaceable, quiet, submissive, knowing no Revolutions and domestic Calamities; Abroad, more noted for her Good Offices, than she formerly was for her Victories, holding in her Hand the Balance of Justice, presiding over the Motions of *Europe*: Our King, King of one People, the Father and Umpire of all Nations, deciding their Quarrels, reconciling their Interests; here banishing the Particularities of an allied Republic; there restoring to the lawful Sovereigns, the Island of *Corsica*, subdued by the Force of his Arms, pacified by the Wisdom of his Councils: *Vienna* and *Constantinople*, the *East* and the *West*, desiring to have no other Arbiter of their Differences, no other Guarantee of their Treaties: A great King, placed by the Hand of Peace, upon a Throne, a Reward and Equivalent for that which he sacrificed to the Desire of Peace; *Lorain* added to our Empire; the Race of *Anjou*, at last seated on the Throne of *Naples* and *Sicily*, consoling the *Nemours* and the *Lautreys*, avenging *Lewis* XII, and *Francis* I, of the Injuries of Fortune; the Princes of the Empire, who, of all their Rights, had none remaining but the frivolous Advantage of colouring their Servitude by a bespoken Vote, and of naming a Master, whom they durst not refuse, reinstated in the Liberty of chusing a Head of the Empire to their Mind; the Name of *Lewis* XV, more powerful than the Batalions of *Lewis* XIV, give to *Charles* V a Successor that is not of his Blood.

Let us view those great State Strokes, those Master-pieces of Genius and Policy ; let us view them with the same Eye with which they will be viewed by Posterity. If the Cardinal **DE FLEURY** had some Defects, and some he doubtless had, for he was a Man ; if by a Fate not uncommon to our greatest Ministers and to our greatest Kings, there were reckoned among his Days some not quite so fortunate ; those slight Stains, worn out imperceptibly by Time, or covered by his many Successes and Prosperities, will escape the Observation of the most penetrating. The Name of the Cardinal **DE FLEURY** shall appear with the great Names of the *d'Amboises*, the *Richelieus*, the *Mazarins*, and shall not be eclipsed by them ; that wise Minister shall live for ever in our Records, so much the more respected, that to the Example of Honours obtained by Merit and Services, of Honours supported by Talents, he added the Example of Honours illustrated by Virtues, the third and last Character of the Wise Man superior to Fortune.

P A R T III.

Vanish therefore, mortified, confuted, the unjust Persuasion, that Virtue does but ill support Honours and Dignities ; or, that it does not support itself by them. You have seen the Genius, the Talents, the Services of the Cardinal **DE FLEURY** ; now let me intreat you to study his Virtues. His Manners, his Behaviour, did they change with his Fortune ? Favour usually so haughty, so contemptuous, lost it not with him its Haughtiness, its Vain-glory, its Empire ?

I know not by what Fatality it happens, that Pride steals more easily into the Minds of Men who become, than into the Minds of those who are born Masters, Arbiters of the public Destiny. Is it because after having been obliged to cringe in order to rise, they seek Satisfaction for the Homages they payed, in the Homages they receive, and chuse to sell Favour as dear as it cost them ? Is it that their Elevation presents to them a more flattering Spectacle ? Men who succeed to the Titles and Employ-

Employments of their Ancestors, see in their Greatness only the Happiness of their Birth ; Men who have acquired it, read in it the Success, the Triumph of their Merit and of their Talents. Is it that the Eyes of Men born in Splendor, are less liable to be dazzled by a Lustre upon which their first Looks have fallen ; that the Habit, allow me the Expression, that the Habit of being Great makes Grandeur familiar to them ; that it is peculiar only to Novelty to affect, to move the Passions of the Heart, and that a Man must quit his Station, in order to be fit to reflect on it ? Be this as it will, those Illusions of Self-Love and Vanity, instilled none of their Poison into the Soul of the Cardinal **DE FLEURY** ; he had purchased Preferment by no Meanness, he supports it without Pride and without Haughtiness.

Affable, modest, engaging, what had he in common with those imperious Ministers, Imitators of the *Asiatic* Pomp and Haughtiness, sever'd from the Multitude by Ramparts, which Assiduity and Perseverance cannot penetrate till after a thousand redoubled Efforts ; whose Cabinet, like the Throne of *Abasuerus*, surrounded with Barriers not to be o'er-leap'd without Danger, are a Sanctuary, whence the Divinity that inhabits them, excludes the profane People ; and admits none but a few Worshipers, who frequently reap no other Fruit of their Forwardness, than the dismal Distinction of reading in those dark and supercilious Visages, the Uneariness their troublesome Presence occasions them ? To arrive at the Cardinal **DE FLEURY**, was a Man exposed to the Rebuffs of a disdainful Crowd of Subalterns, who placed at the Gate of the Temple of Fortune, open or shut the Passages at their Pleasure, and proud in proportion to the Rank of the Master they serve, render Favours more difficult to be asked than obtained ?

Easy was his Access, Audiences he promised with Pleasure, granted without Hesitation and without Delay, prolonged without Shagreen and without Weariness ; every Man had Liberty of opening his Claims, of supporting

porting his Pretensions, of setting forth his Views, his Projects, of urging, of insisting, of contradicting even and complaining. Timorous Modesty was presently encouraged ; if there remained any Fear, there was nothing apprehended but a Mistake ; for they who had sought the Minister, having found the Citizen, simple, easy in his Manner, remained fluctuating in an Uncertainty, at the unheard of Contrast of Power without Pomp, of Elevation without Haughtiness, of Authority without Repulse, without Disdain, without that commanding Air of Empire and Dominion, that sometimes makes the Courtier more timorous before the Minister, than before the Monarch. No body practised more literally than the Cardinal **D E FLEURY**, the Precept of Scripture ; *You are above them, be as one of them. If thou be made the Master, lift not up thyself, but be among them, as one of the rest.*

What Charms, what Delight, were diffused through his Conversation, by that affable, easy, engaging Wit, that well-bred, good-natured, courteous Behaviour ; that Turn of thinking, that Gift of Expression, that Talent of painting, of relating ; that delicate and profound Knowledge of Decorum, to which alone it belongs, to preserve, to keep up in Society, the enchanting Conjunction of Respect and Freedom, of mutual Civility and Deference : that so attentive Study of the Character, of the Humour, of Connexions, of Interests, that a Man had never to support with the Cardinal **D E FLEURY** the perplexed Part of a Stranger, or of an Unknown ; that he spoke to every one in his own Language, that he put every one in a Situation of tasting, of partaking the Amusement of the Conversation. Such a Model was he of the perfect Courtier, that to see him, one would have thought it had been his Interest to please all ; but would never have suspected, that he was the Man, whom it was the Interest of all to please.

What shall I say of that so perfect, so constant, so unalterable Evenness of Temper ? Very different from those capricious Men, who reserving to themselves all

the

the Sweets, all the Advantages of Authority, revenge themselves on you for the Cares, the Troubles that attend it; Men whose Moments must be studied, with whom a Favour is a thousand Times paid before it is received. The Cardinal **DE FLEURY** does not plague you with his Joy, nor with his Grief; with his Success, nor with his Uneasiness. He always speaks with the same Politeness, he hears with the same Patience, he answers with the same Mildness, he decides with the same Tranquillity. *A soft Answer — Righteous Lips — Pleasant Words.* The Citizen, the Sage, the Philosopher, in the Calm and Peace of a solitary Life, experience continually the whimsical Revolutions and the Power of Humour; in the Bustle, in the Agitation of the Ministry, the whole Life of the Cardinal **DE FLEURY**, was hardly one Day without Clouds and Tempests.

It were but a small Matter to have avoided the Rocks of Haughtiness and Severity, he shews himself no less free from Interest and Covetousness. Like *Samuel*, he might challenge the assembled Tribes, to reproach him with usurped Riches; the Kingdom would lift up its Voice to extol his Virtue: *And they said, thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any Man's Hand.* Being Dispenser of Favours, Distributer of Employments, he gives without receiving, he disposes without retaining; the Riches of the State flow into his Hands, but do not remain in them. After so many Years Favour, he sees nothing in this vast Empire that he can call his own. As a Stranger in his Country, without Abode, without House, without Possession, without Heritage, he neglects to make use of Favours, he never thinks of providing against the Revolutions of Fortune. If a Minister of so many Virtues and Talents, could have merited a Disgrace; could a King of so much Wisdom and Understanding, have been capable of a Caprice; an Instant left the Cardinal **DE FLEURY**, adorned indeed with more Titles; but by his Titles, and by his Honours, not so rich as when he first appeared at Court.

This Disinterestedness, GENTLEMEN, seems the Master-piece of a great, a noble, a generous Mind : But you see only the Outside and the Surface ; I shall now lay before you the Inside and Principle of it. It is not only Equity, which regards the public Riches ; for then it were not so much a Virtue practised, as a Vice avoided ; it were a Virtue worthy our Encomiums, only because it is rare ; and what Honour it did to the Man, would turn to the Shame and Dishonour of Humanity. But it is a noble, a generous Contempt of Wealth. How should he cast greedy Eyes upon the public Riches, when he strips himself of his own Property, when he gives up what belongs to him ? How should he be tempted to appropriate that which does not. It is an Attachment to the strictest Decorum of his Station. He was a Bishop, devoted to a Ministry of Modesty and Simplicity ; he was honoured with the Confidence of the King, called to a Ministry of Dominion and Authority. Instructed, enlightened by Religion, he conceives that that outward Pomp and Splendor, which were perhaps prudent and reasonable in a Minister confined to the Management of political Affairs, is not enjoined a Minister divided between the Throne and the Altar. Satisfied that Modesty does not debase Authority, and that it does Honour to the Episcopacy ; in his Train, his Equipages, his Furniture, his Apartments, his Table, he sets Examples of Simplicity, worthy the Imitation of the most fervent Prelates. Now to a Person void of selfish and vain Desires, can Riches have any Allurement ? The Cardinal de FLEURY scorns too much to use them, to be liable to wish for them.

No, I am wrong ; there were some Moments, some Situations, wherein he wished to be rich. Easy to be moved with the Case of the Unfortunate, he feels all the Miseries he hears an Account of ; his Heart opens to compassionate, his Hand opens to relieve them. In the Lands of his Benefices, he receives only to give ; he seems not so much a Master who collects, as a Father who distributes. All over the Kingdom, how many

many Families redeemed from Want and Despair? How many Merchants supported upon the Brink of Ruin? How many Communities retrieved, or saved from their Fall? How many Cities, how many Provinces, shall preserve eternal Monuments of his pious Liberality? Then, then indeed, Riches acquired some Value in his Eyes. The most moderate Fortune is sufficient for his Desires; the vastest Opulence were not so sufficient for his Charity; always too much for himself, never enough for the Poor. When his own Funds are exhausted, an Interest, more noble, more honourable than Disinterestedness, takes Possession of his Soul; he brings to the Foot of the Throne the Sighs, the Tears of the People. What a Spectacle! The Minister so earnest in asking, the King so easy, so ready to grant; Charity forms Petitions, Charity hears them; it prompts the Heart of the Subject to speak, and speaks to the Heart of the Master. What shall we admire most in the Cardinal DE FLEURY. His Disdain, or his Desire of Riches? His Indifference for personal Wealth, or his Activity for relieving the Miseries of others? A Disinterestedness so fruitful in good Offices, is it in the Qualities of the Heart, a Merit above that Merit? Yes, GENTLEMEN, it is the Merit of good Offices, confined within the Bounds of Reason and Equity.

But to explain myself: When a Man is placed at the Source of the public Wealth, there is no Temptation more subtle, none apter to seduce Virtue itself, than the Glory of acquiring the Reputation of Generosity and Liberality among the Great. Deceitful Elogy! What Flattery calls Goodness, Sensibility of Heart, Truth names Self-love, weak and groveling, which Affectuities tire, which Complaints and Reproaches intimidate, to which the Gravity of dissatisfied Faces is grievous and irksome. These Men so much applauded, and so little worthy to be so, the public Calamities do not affect, because they are not in their Sight; they scorn to contribute to a Happiness that they do not partake of; to be Authors, if they are not Spectators of it: They give therefor, not to make others happy,

they give to purchase their own Ease, when disturbed by the troublesome Solicitations of those who call themselves unfortunate. What concern them the obscure Sighs, the unknown Tears of the People? Around them ring the Acclamations of the Court, whose political Ho-
images afford some Spectacle to their Vanity, and pay a false Generosity, by a false Gratitude: But to prefer the honest Satisfaction of meriting Praises, to the flattering Pleasure of obtaining them; to give one's self up to the Murmurs, to the Shagreens of the Courtier, in order not to over-burden a People of so little Pen-
etration, that they are sensible only of the Harm that is done them, without making any Account of the Harm they are saved from: In these Features I dis-
cover a Soul superior to all the Weakness of Self-love and Vanity; I discover the Cardinal D E FLEURY.

Shall we then be surprized that he never felt the In-
constancy, and the Variety of Fortune? How many Ministers have there been in all Empires, more famous by their Disgrace, than by their Elevation? How many, without losing their Employments, have lost the Heart and Confidence of their Masters? The Cardinal D E FLEURY, ever useful, ever acceptable, neither ceased to please nor to serve. In so long, so dangerous a Career, he found no Obstacles. The Angel of the Lord, according to the Scripture Expression, walked before him, to clear his way of the least Grain of Sand that might, not only occasion his falling, but even render his walking less firm and less secure. *Left thou dash thy Foot against a Stone.* I will not say, that Heaven seemed to owe to the Prodigy of a Fa-
vour without Vices and without Passions, the Prodigy of a Favour without Reverse, and without Revolutions. But I will say, that the true Prodigy is, his Virtue preserved amidst the Temptations of so great Ad-
vancement. I will say that the Height of the Prodigy is, that the Favour regarded his Religion, as well as his Reason.

And indeed, was GOD served less faithfully than *Cæsar*? As a Citizen and as a Christian, did not the Cardinal

Cardinal DE FLEURY fulfil the whole Extent of his Obligations, without sacrificing one Duty to another, without one Virtue's being an Obstacle to another? Never did Piety serve for a Cloak to Indolence, to throw the Minister, the Statesman, into Sloth and Inaction. Never did important Affairs, nice Conjectures, unforeseen Accidents, the so speedy Flight of decisive Moments; never did any of these, I say, interrupt his religious Custom, of assisting each Day at the August Sacrifice, of paying to the L O R D the Tribute of Praise and Invocation, enjoined by the Engagements and Law of the Priesthood. The Place he fills in the Kingdom, obliterates not the Remembrance of the Place he fills in the Sanctuary; the Care of the public Felicity diminishes not the Care of personal Sanctification.

Time does not permit me to follow out the Trace of his Steps; else you should see him, in one Place, the intelligent and laborious Minister, piercing, penetrating into the dissembled Schemes, the fly Evasions, the deceitful Engagements, the insidious Advances of Policy the most artfully disguised: In another, the timorous Christian, descending into the inmost Recess of his Conscience, studying its Motions, sounding its Depths, judging himself, accusing himself, purifying himself in the Tribunal of Repentance. You should now see him with the Ministers of foreign Powers, displaying the most ingenious, the acutest Sagacity; the strongest, the most forcible Reasoning; then at the Altar, supporting the Dignity, the Majesty of Religion, by the Decencies of the most intimate Recollection; in the Sanctuary, by useful, and too necessary Examples, confounding the Libertinism of the Court, accustomed to regard no other Temple but that of Fortune, to believe in no other Master but him they see, to revere no other Altar but the Throne, to invoke, to worship no other God, but him who distributes profane Titles and worldly Wealth. You should see him in public Audiences, in domestic Society, please, ravish, enchant by the Graces of his Conversation; in the Recital of the Divine Office, sometimes

stop,

stop, pause, in order leisurely to penetrate into the sublime Meaning of the sacred Psalms, in order to fill himself with their Spirit; sometimes nourish, re-inflame his Piety by the Reading of the *Gospel* or the *Imitation of JESUS CHRIST*; of those Books which are only Light and Sentiment, which speak only to the Reason and to the Heart, which teach only to know **GOD**, and to know one's self, to see one's Faults and to be humbled for them. There you should see him wise with that circumspect and cautious Wisdom, which waits the proper Moments, which prepares them, which brings them on, which gives all to Prudence, and leaves nothing to Chance: Here wise with that Evangelical Wisdom, resolute in disdaining the Gratifications of Self-love in the most advanced Age; exhausted, sinking under the Weight of so many Projects, Labours, painful Occupations; so strict an Observer of the Rules of the Church, as to deny himself the smallest Indulgence. No Dispensation will he solicit, neither will he accept any. He forgets his Age, his Occupations, his Health; he remembers only that it is of little Moment to a Christian to live or die; that it concerns him only to live the Life, and die the Death of the Righteous.

To die the Death of the Righteous! What Favours are contained in that Favour! And every Thing concurs to persuade us, O **GOD**, that thou hast vouchsafed it to this wise Minister. He hears echoed from the Bottom of his Heart, these Words of the Scripture; *Bebold I come quickly, saith the Lord, and my Reward is with me, to give every Man according as his Work shall be.* Let the Righteous make haste, to render himself more righteous. *He that is righteous, let him be righteous still.* In order faithfully to obey this Lesson, he contrives himself a Solitude. There, the Minister, the Statesman, obtains but Moments; the Hours, the Days are for the Christian; he reviews his Years in the Bitterness of a contrite and humbled Soul; he takes an Account of his Actions, of his Views, of his Desires; he labours to know himself, as God knows him; to judge himself,

as

as God will judge him ; he seeks, he loves the Truth which reprobates, which confounds him ; he renews, he refines his Virtue : The Knife does not yet appear, but now the Victim is ready ; he sees the Altar raised, where it shall be offered up ; he sees it undismay'd : At his Death were his Works marvellous. A Philosopher for the World, a Christian for Eternity, he despises what is about to end, and regards only what is about to begin, he draws from the Sources of Grace with Fervor and Humility ; he washes, he purifies himself in the Blood of the Lamb.

If he still is attached to the Earth by some Ties, those Ties are consecrated by Duty and Religion. His Master, his King, comes to give him the last Marks of his Esteem. Let us reverence by our Silence, a Situation, so noble, so moving, that it is beyond the Description of Eloquence the strongest, the most pathetic, the happiest in its Pictures. That Minister who was intrusted with the Care of his Youth ; the most respectful, the most tenderly devoted Subject, on the Point of going down to the Grave ; that Prince, the Object of so many Cares, of so much Love, bath'd in Tears ! France, judge of thy Loss and of thy Happiness ! Know the Value of what Heaven takes from Thee, and of that which Heaven preserves to Thee ! Those Tears are the Glory of the Monarch and the Elogy of the Minister ? What King more worthy of our Love, than a King that shews such Sentiments ? What Minister more worthy of our eternal Veneration, than a Minister that knew to merit them !

Upon Sight of that young Prince, who is the Darling of the People and the Hopes of the Throne ; with what Eagerness did he lay hold of the Occasion of rendering his last Moments useful to Religion and the Kingdom ! " Prince", said he, " you see a melancholy Spectacle ; learn to know the inevitable and common Destiny of Men ! Thus perishes the Fortune of Subjects ; and thus will perish the Fortune of the most mighty Monarchs ! Suffer not yourself to be deceived by the vain Shew of what

" ends

“ ends at the Grave ; fix your Attention only on that
“ which is immortal.”

After having discharged what he owes to Zeal and Gratitude, his Heart disengaged from all Cares here below, has no more Inclination but for Eternity. We see him, resigned to the Will of Heaven, hope without Presumption ; fear without Weakness ; prepare himself without Trouble ; submit without Struggle, without Constraint ; suffer without Complaint, without Murmuring ; invoke, intreat the L O R D to multiply his Pains, and to increase his Love ; to punish in Time, and save in Eternity. We see him composed to the last Gasp, finish his Sacrifice, fall asleep sweetly in the Sleep of Peace. *He did Wonders in his Life, and at his Death were his Works marvellous. He saw by an excellent Spirit what should come to pass at the last, and he comforted them that mourned in Sion.*

Is he then no more, that Minister so powerful, so respected ! Yes, he is still ; but not amongst us ; he is in the fathomless Regions of Eternity ! The Earth has received the Earth ; the Spirit came from G O D, to G O D it is returned. *The Dust shall return to the Earth as it was, and the Spirit shall return to G O D who gave it.*

We have followed the Cardinal D E FLEURY through the various Events, whereof the Texture of his Life upon Earth was composed, let us continue to trace his Steps still further. Let us venture even to follow him, when he enters into the fathomless Regions of Eternity. Behold him alone with G O D alone ! what sudden Revolution of Ideas and Sentiments ! A rare Instance he was of human Prosperity ! having possessed a Favour without Vicissitude, without Decline ; his Memory honoured by the Regret of his Master ; the Heirs of his Name raised to the first Dignities of the State, enjoying the Good Graces and Esteem of the Monarch more valuable than his Benefits. But O ! what does it concern him what he was, and what is now doing upon Earth ! The immense Extent of Eternity, which opens to his View ; the terrible Expectation of the Judgment of God ; the Destiny, the immutable Lot of a new

new Life, which is beginning never to have an End ; conceive, if you can, the deep Impression of the penetrating Fears, of the tumultuous and rapid Agitations, that such Objects must make on his terrified and astonished Soul ! Religion had taught the Cardinal DE FLEURY, that temporal Prosperity or Misfortune are but frivolous Dreams : that there is no true Happiness, no true Unhappiness but in Eternity ; Religion had taught it him, he believed it ; the Veil is rent ; he sees it, he feels it, he experiences it.

Very soon, GENTLEMEN, we too shall see it, we too shall experience it as he does. A few Years, a few Days, perhaps, will terminate our Course here below. Did Heaven allow us Centuries, are we ignorant that the longest Life were but an Instant. In Comparison of Eternity, the Duration of the Cedar of Libanus will be no more than the Duration of the tender Shrub that grows under its Shadow. I see Nothing for Man but to be born and to die ; the Space that divides these two Terms is so small that it can hardly be called any Thing. Wit, Talents, Wealth, Credit, Authority, Reputation ; these Gifts, these Treasures of Nature, or of Fortune, let us remember that they are contained in an Earthen Vessel, which falls, and breaks to Pieces, leaving only Ruins and Wrack. Let us accustom ourselves to think, as we shall think in Eternity ; to judge, as we shall judge in Eternity. We shall leave profane Man to wander in deceitful Hopes and Fallacies ; so far shall we be from envying his Prosperity, that we shall deplore his fatal Illusion, *For What is a Man profited, if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul ?*

Happy therefore, yea a thousand Times happy that Minister so truly wise, as to conceive that God is the first Master ; Religion the first Law ; the Happiness of Eternity the only good Fortune that deserves to ingross the Heart. It belongs not to us, Lord, to dive into the Depth of thy Judgments ! We believe, with St. Gregory, that whatever Virtues a Man may have, he shall be saved only by the Benefit of thy great, thy

boundless Mercies. Enter not into Judgment with thy Servant, O Lord; for in thy Sight shall no Man living be justified. Thy Mercies, those infinite Mercies we implore in his Behalf: Give a Place in a Mansion of Peace, to that peaceful Man! Grant that meek and modest Man, an Inheritance in the Land of the Living. Let thy Heart open with Compassion to that Man of extensive Charity, whose Heart never was shut to the Sighs, to the Tears of the Poor! Judge in the Multitude of thy Mercies, that Man, who judged thy People with Goodness and Humanity! Be thou propitious to the Wishes of a great King, and of a great Kingdom, of the Church, and of the State, of Religion and of the Country! Reward the Services they can now no longer acknowledge but by their Desires and *Prayers*! Be mindful of his Regrets, of his Groans, of his Faith, of his Charity, of his humble Confidence in his last Moments! Thou hast promised that Sins sincerely bewailed, shall be Sins forgotten! If there remain in him any Trace of his Frailities, hear the Voice of the Blood of JESUS CHRIST that is about to be shed upon the Altar; the Gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem shall reverence the Power of that mighty Voice; he shall enter into the Rest of thy Elect; he shall bless, he shall praise thy adorable Name, World without End. Amen.

The End of the ORATION.

A

CRITICISM
UPON THE
Funeral Oration
OF THE
CARDINAL *de FLEURY*,
IN A

Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend.

Supposed to be written by

M. l'Abbé *des Fontaines*.

ГЕРДИНА
МАДАМ

антон

Любовь Ольга

от

ГЕРДИНА МАДАМ

Анна

Любовь Ольга

от

ГЕРДИНА МАДАМ

A

CRITICISM

UPON THE

Funeral Oration

OF THE

CARDINAL *de FLEURY.*

AS it belongs only to the Press, Sir, to put the last Seal to the Reputation of an Orator, I have long wished to read some printed Discourse of the Father *de Neuville*, a *Jesuit*, whose ingenious and rapid Eloquence has had so flaming a *Vogue*. The *Funeral Oration* of the Cardinal *Fleury*, pronounced in the Church of *Notre-Dame*, the twenty-fifth of last Month, and delivered up to the greedy Curiosity of the Public, comes at length to gratify my Desires. Nothing remains for me now but to satisfy yours, and to communicate to you, without Disguise, the Judgment of my Eyes. You know how favourable that of my Ears has ever been to the Orator. The Kind of Eloquence, in which the Father *de Neuville* has displayed his Abilities, had been carried to its highest Perfection by *Messrs. Bosuet, Flechier, Bourdaloue, Mascalon, la Rue*: These he had Reason to propose to himself as Models, and it doubtless would have been surprizing, had he not sometimes fallen into their Sentiments and Manner, even without his knowing it. What I now intend is, to procure you the Pleasure of the Comparison, by setting before your Eyes the beautiful Parts of his Discourse, that have seemed to me to resemble some Pieces of those famous Orators. You shall see how different

Pencils

Pencils can diffuse different Shades upon the same Ground. This is the only Aim I propose to myself, in that Kind of Parallel, which I beg you may believe free of all Manner of Malice. I have too great a Value for the Person and Talents of the Orator, to indulge myself in any Thing that may justly give him Offence. I shall conclude this Comparison with some Reflexions, wherein I shall endeavour to paint with all the Candour and Good-Manners in my Power, the Genius and Character of his Eloquence.

The Exordium of the Discourse in Question, is a Paraphrase of the Words of the Book of Proverbs, which the Father *de Neuville* has taken for his Text: *Happy is the Man, who findeth Wisdom.* — *Length of Days is in her Right Hand, &c.* M. *Hersan*, that illustrious Member of the University of *Paris*, who filled with Reputation one of the Chairs of Eloquence in the Royal College, has precisely used the same Text in the Latin Funeral Oration of M. *le Tellier*, which he pronounced in the *Sorbonne*, at the Service appointed by the University, for that great Minister of a great King. The Orator proceeds next to his Division, which is simple and common: But I doubt whether it is quite so exact as it should be, and whether each Part has its due Character of Unity. The Cardinal *de Fleury*, says the Father *de Neuville*, arrives at Honours by the Way of Merit and Services: He renders his Honours useful to his Country by his Talents, and by the Use he makes of them; he adds a new Lustre to his Honours by the Brightness of his Virtues. In a Word, the Favour of the Prince obtained by Merit and Services, supported by Talents, illustrated by Virtues: Such is the Plan of this Discourse, divided, as you see, into three Parts, which return a little into one another. For indeed Talents and Virtues compose Merit; no more do I see any Difference between Services and Talents rendered useful. The Orator in the first Part shews that the Cardinal *Fleury* ascended to Honours by Merit. It was neither one of those happy and unforeseen Circumstances, nor a profound and dissembled Ambition; in short,

short, neither Cabal, nor Chance that made his Fortune. *He seeks not Dignities, says the Father de Neuville, he contents himself with waiting for them, he waits not so much for them, as he is waited for by them, he goes not so much to Honours, as Honours come to him.*

— Shall his Elevation be looked upon as an Effet of Chance? Chance, empty Word, invented by Ignorance — Chance is nothing, it can do nothing. M. Flechier makes use of the self-same Induction in praising the Choice that had been made of M. de Lamoignon for First President. *What think you, says he, was the Means that conducted him to this End? Favour it could not be, for he had had no other Connexion with the Court, but such as his Employments or Duty procured him. Was it Chance? No surely; for long was the Deliberation, it being judged necessary to determine so nice an Affair wholly by Council, and to leave nothing to Fortune. Neither was it Cabal; He being of the Number of those, who minded nothing but their Duty, &c. This is, you see, the same Substance; but M. Flechier is the more distinct, and less the Rhetorician.*

The shining Picture the ingenious Orator draws of the Court, has gained the Applause of some Persons. But a little Resemblance may be found betwixt that too and some Pictures of it drawn by several modern Orators. I shall content my self with comparing it with that of Monsieur Hersan. The Father de Neuville brings the Abbé Fleury upon that changing and fluctuating Stage, where the Scene shifts every Moment, where, under the Appearance of Rest reigns the most rapid Motion: In that Region of hidden Intrigues, of dark Perfidies, of deep and deliberate Wickedness, where Men shew Respect without esteeming, applaud without approving, serve without loving, burt without hating, offer themselves out of Vanity — engage themselves without Sincerity, withdraw themselves, abandon without Decency and without Shame. In that Labyrinth of crooked Windings, where Prudence walks in hazard, where the Road of Prosperity so often leads to Misfortune, where the Qualities necessary for Promotion, are

an

an Obstacle towards the attaining it ; where you escape Contempt only by incurring Hatred ; where modest Merit is forgot, because it does not declare itself ; where Merit that shews itself is set aside and oppressed, because it is dreaded ; where the Happy have no Friends, since there remain none to the Unfortunate.

M. Herson had said before the Father de Neuville : *That just Man (M. le Tellier) considered himself at Court, as upon a Stage, where Virtue seems a Stranger, where Vice in high Favour triumphs and displays itself with Ostentation. He saw that he had a very difficult Charakter to support in that shifting Scene, where Intrigues are hatched and multiply, where reign reciprocal and disguised Distrusts, Treacheries, Perfidies — where Carefulness in discharging Duties is exposed to Envy, Negligence to Criticism, Severity to Hatred, Lenity to Contempt, Sincerity to Perfidy — He knew that Courtiers caress Fortune when she begins, cringe to her when she increases, worship her when she is established, abandon her when she is tottering, and trample the Idol under their Feet, bow soon they see her overturned.*

I now proceed to the Education of the King, committed by Lewis XIV to the Cardinal Fleury. The Father de Neuville gives on this Occasion a moving Description of the domestic Losses that great Monarch suffered in his old Age, and he points out all the sensible Wounds, his paternal Heart was pierced with. Lewis XIV — more a Hero in the Decline of Years than in the Bloom of his Youth — whose Virtue proved by Misfortune, forced Fortune at length to blush * at her Inconstancy, and made her know her Weakness. — Lewis XIV had seen his numerous Posterity pass away as a Shadow : Alone in his immense Palaces, he seems to survive himself : His Eyes on the Point of closing for ever, perceive in the Room of so many Flowers cropt in their Spring, but one Flower scarce blown, weak, trembling,

* The Father de Neuville forgets here what he said a little higher, that Fortune or Chance (for they are synonymous Terms) is an empty Word, that it is nothing, that it can do nothing, consequently that it knows nothing, and blushes at nothing.

almost

almost devoured by the Blast that had withered and consumed so many flourishing Stems. A second Joash, the only Remnant of the Race of David, snatched out of the Wrack of his august House, hardly able to make way through the Ruins under which he seemed buried. This Picture is not an Original. The Father de la Rue has painted in the same Colours, the House of Montmorency about to be extinct. O the Depth of the Judgments of God! says that as pathetic Christian Orator, That so ancient Greatness, raised on so solid, and so just Foundations, supported by so many Powers, connected by Alliance with all the Thrones in Christendom, now on the Point of perishing! The Heads of that so powerful House fallen! alas! under Strokes, the very Remembrance of which gives Horror! Their Honours and their Merits extinct! Shall I also say their Glory with their Merits? One only Child born in Tears; an Orphan before he is born, hardly able to make way through the Midst of the Ruins of his House, is destined, &c.

But let us continue to hear the Father de Neuville. On whom shall the Choice fall of that Prince (Lewis XIV) grown old in the Study and Knowledge of Men, whose Choice of the Bossuets and Fenelons had proved and done Honour to his Judgment. He sends for the Bishop of Frejus: To him he commits the Fate of his Family and Kingdom.

The Orator enters next into a misplaced Detail of different Educations. A weak, timorous, and effeminate Education, that gives up the Heart to its Desires, the Humour to its Sallies, the Imagination to its Ravings, the Wit to its Inconstancy. A gloomy, fierce, austere Education, wherof the dull and harsh Lessons extinguish the Fire of the Imagination. The Cardinal de Fleury had the inimitable Talent of taking away from Precepts their Dryness, their Aridity, of occupying the Mind without fatiguing it, of fixing it without confining it, of reproving his King without displeasing him, of contradicting him without provoking him, of inviting him by the Bait of Pleasure——It was by no means that Education of worldly and profane Wisdom, which leaves a Prince ignorant

norant of nothing, except of that which it most concerns him to know, the Precepts, the Principles of his Religion——A Child whom the Throne awaits, is not ignorant that he has a Master; a Child who fills the Throne, is he ignorant that he is King? The Heart and Passions give him early Notice, I know not how, of his Greatness; he tastes it before he knows it. The whole Piece, *What is it to educate a Prince born for the Throne?* seemed very beautiful to a great many of the Hearers, who did not reflect that all the Flourishes that are here lavished would have been rather more just, might the Cardinal Fleury have been honoured with the Title of Governor to his Majesty, to whom he had the Glory of being Preceptor.

But let us compare the Passage I just now quoted with what Monsr. Flechier has said concerning the Education of the young Prince committed to the Duke de Montausier. *The King, who in his Choice, by doing Justice to Merit, has always done Honour to his Wisdom, applauded himself by this. With what Confidence did he substitute him in his Place, in one of his most important and most indispensable Duties? With what Goodness was he pleased to put that sacred Charge into so pure, so faithful Hands? Having upon himself the whole Government of his People, to him he allotted the whole Management of his Son. He recommended to him the Care of Instruction, and took upon himself to shew him great Examples. He had a Mind that the present Age should enjoy the Happiness of his Reign, and left to the Conscience and Ability of that prudent Governor the Hopes of the Age to come. And then how great was his Gratitude for so great an Honour? He sacrificed his Pleasures, his Interests, his Liberty——all his Thoughts were centred in that young Prince——For fear of softening him by Tenderness, he borrowed all the Authority of the King: for fear of discouraging him by the Austerity of Precepts, he put on the Bowels of the Father; and by this just Temperament, he brought forward the Fruits of his Reason, and corrected the Faults of his Age. His chief Study was to accustom him to know and to bear Truth. He was sensible that*

that the Great are born with certain Delicacies, which strike with a timorous Awe the Courtiers who approach them ; that faithful Glasses are never presented them ; that before they know they are Men, and that they are Sinners, they are informed they have Subjects, and that they are Masters of the World. —— How often did he check a Flattery that like a winding Serpent, was about to slide into his Soul ? How often did he extinguish the Incense whereof the pleasing but noxious Odour would have poisoned his yet tender Imagination ? How often did he cause him to make the Difference between a Friend and a Flatterer ? How often did he remove with a severe Hand the first Veils that an artful Court was going to draw before his Eyes, in order to conceal some Truth or Duty from him ? Allow me to represent him as that Horseman St. John saw in the Apocalypse. He was called faithful and true ; pointing out to that Royal Infant the Sources of Truth and Falshood, and forming in him an innocent and sincere Soul, in the World, which St. Augustine calls the Region of Falshood and Lyes. He wore several Crowns, explaining to him the Difference between good and bad Reigns. He held in his Hand a flaming Sword, in order to cut the Threads of his growing Passions, &c. What a Pencil ! What Colouring ! What Nobleness ! What Abundance of Images !

The Cares of this virtuous *Mentor*, pursues the modern Orator, were repaid by the Confidence and Friendship of the young Monarch. *Friendship*, resumes the Father *de Neuville*, and I speak of a King ! 'Tis pity this bright Thought is not new ; M. *de Voltaire* had unluckily taken the Start of him by beginning his Epistle to the King of *Prussia* with this beautiful Verse :

Quoi Prince ! Vous regnez, et vous m'aimez encore !

Were not Chance an empty word, were it any Thing, could it do any Thing, this Jumping of Sentiment might be ascribed to it.

The second Part of the Funeral Oration contains some bright Strokes, though scattered with less Profusion than in the first. The Father *de Neuville* abandons his Hero for some Time in order to compare great political

political Geniuses with great Geniuses in the litterary way. Afterwards returning to the Cardinal, he extols his vast Memory, which, according to our Orator, was the Source of the unalterable Peace of his Soul, of the Vigour of his Mind, of the Strength of his Constitution, of the impenetrable Secrecy of his Politics, and even (which is still more surprising) of the Tranquillity of his Sleep. Hence, says he, *that Peace, that Calm, that Tranquillity, whose smiling, gentle, amiable Impression diffused itself around.* Schemes formed, by a slow and dull Meditation leave in the Look, in the Behaviour, the Trace, and as it were, the Counter-blow of the painful Efforts that occasion them. Did ever any one see in the Cardinal D E Fleury, that Air of pensive and unsociable Recollection, of uneasy Distractions, of plodding and laborious Attention. Undisturbed, he will lend himself to the Gaiety of Conversation, to the Amusements of Litterature, to the Detail of News, of public and private Events. Hence, continues he (that is, from his great Memory) that impenetrable Secrecy. Too often Statesmen—suffer themselves to be guessed at—*their Projects, their Fears, their Hopes are read in their Looks*

— Counsel in the Heart of Man is like deep Water; but a Man of Understanding will draw it out. Equally dextrous in concealing his own Projects, and in penetrating into your Designs. The latter End of this Portrait seems also imitated from M. Bossuet, who makes the same Encomium on M. le Tellier. *He alone had the Art of saying and keeping secret what was proper—impenetrable, he penetrated into every Thing; and while he drew out the Secret of Hearts, he was Master of himself, and said only what he had a mind. He was that wise Man of whom it is written — Counsel in the Heart of Man is like deep Water, &c.* This Passage is wholly in Bossuet. As for the first Part of the Portraiture, wherein the Orator extols the Peace and Freedom of Mind of the Cardinal, amidst the Tumult of Affairs, it bears a considerable Resemblance to what the Father de la Rue says of the Tranquillity of Soul of the Marshal de Luxembourg, in the Midst of the greatest Enterprises.

terprises. *With what Facility ('tis the Father de la Rue that speaks) did he give to those vast Bodies, composed of so many different Parts, those Movements necessary to the Success of great Enterprises!* I say Facility, Gentlemen; I would say Prudence and Wisdom, had I to describe one of those profound Geniuses, whose Conduct is the Fruit of a plodding, morose, or laborious Application, and who suffer the Importance of their Projects to be read upon their Countenances.

The Orator, after having painted the Qualities of the Minister, enters into the Detail of the Ministry, and runs through the remarkable Events of it, with an eloquent Rapidity. He forgets not our Advantages over the House of Austria; You see, says he, *that House, escaped from Wrack, elated with some Successes, attempt to force us to regret our Generosity,—Confound, punish—my Heart forms Wishes more worthy to be heard in the Sanctuary—Lord, command the Wind and Waves, and Calm shall take Place of the Tempest.* Could Father de Neuville have had in View, or could he only have jumped with that beautiful Piece of the Oration of Turenne? Powers, Enemies of France, you live, and the Spirit of Christian Charity forbids me any Wish for your Death—Might you only—accept of Peace—and in the Abundance of your Tears, quench the Flames of a War, which you have unhappily kindled. God forbid that I should carry my Wishes further. I cannot quit this Piece of the Cardinal's Ministry, without giving you, Sir, a political Reflexion of the Orator, truly worthy a *Grotius* or a *Wicquefort*. The Moment you rise upon the Ruins of a too dreaded Power, you become the Object of the Terrors, you succeed to the Hatred it inspired. Political Interest divides what it had united; it had armed Nations in your Bebalf, in order to binder your Fall; it arms them against you in order to prevent your Designs.

Some Persons have also applauded the Description the Orator gives of our present Disputes in Religion. *Days of Presumption and Indocility, when through a Refinement of Compliance and of profound Dissimulation,*

Error,

Error, extensive and daring in her Projects, timorous and cautious in her Procedure, condemns the Church and quits it not, acknowledges Authority and submits not ; scorns the Yoke of Subordination and shakes it not off ; reverences the Pastors and follows them not ; imperceptibly loses the Bonds of Unity, and breaks them not ; without Peace, and without War ; without Revolt, and without Obedience. That this Picture is ingenious cannot be denied. But if you want something sublime, read the Piece of the Funeral Sermon on the Queen of England, wherein the great Bossuet speaks of the Heresies that have overflowed that Island. Were not that Passage too long, I would quote it, and there also you would discover some Traits of Resemblance with the Father de Neuville.

The Virtues of the Cardinal de Fleury afford the Matter of the third Part. You have doubtless observed, Sir, that the Father de Neuville has already anticipated a little upon this Article ; but as the Subject is rich, he has not exhausted it. I shall here give you the new Features whereof he forms his Portraiture. *Affable, modest, preventing, what has be in common with those imperious Ministers, Imitators of the Asiatic Pomp and Haughtiness, sever'd from the Multitude by Ramparts, which Affiduity and Perseverance cannot penetrate till after a thousand redoubled Efforts ; whose Cabinets, like the Throne of Ahasuerus, surrounded with Barriers, not to be o'er-leap'd without Danger, are a Sanctuary, whence the Divinity that inhabits them excludes the profane People ; and admits none but a few Worshippers, who frequently reap no other Fruit of their Forwardness, than the dismal Distinction of reading upon those dark and supercilious Visages, the Uneasiness their troublesome Presence occasions them*— You will doubtless be frighten'd at the Length of this enormous Period, which contains nine or ten Members. *Easy was his Access, pursues the Orator, Audiences be promised with Pleasure, granted without Hesitation and without Delay, prolonged without Shagreen and without Weariness ; every Man had Liberty of opening his Claims, of supporting his Pretensions—Timorous Modesty was presently encouraged ; if there remained any Fear, there was nothing*

nothing apprehended but a Mistake.—*What shall I say of that so perfect, so constant, so unalterable Evenness of Temper? Very different from those capricious Men, who reserving to themselves all the Sweets, all the Advantages of Authority, revenge themselves on You, for the Cares, the Troubles that attend it; Men, whose Moments must be studied, with whom a Favour is a thousand Times paid, before it is received.* The Cardinal **D E** Fleury—speaks always with the same Politeness, bears with the same Patience, answers with the same Mildness, decides with the same Tranquillity. A soft answer — Righteous Lips — Pleasant Words.

M. Boffuet sets forth in the same Manner the Affability of M. le Tellier, by the Contrast of the harsh and haughty Manner of certain Ministers. He expresses himself thus: *In ordinary Audiences, one always in haste confounds your Understanding: Another with an uneasy Countenance, and uncertain Looks, damps your Courage: That Man presents himself to you out of Custom or Decency, and lets his Thoughts run a roving, nor can all your Words fix his distracted Mind: This Man more cruel still, has his Ears stopped by his own Prepossessions, and incapable of giving Entrance to the Thoughts of others, bears only what he has in his own Heart.* At the easy Audience of that wise Magistrate, and by the Tranquillity of his favourable Countenance, a troubled Mind was calmed. There did Men find those soft Answers that turn away Wrath (Responsio mollis, lingua placabilis) &c.

M. Flechier says of the same Magistrate. Accessible, gracious, courteous, knowing well how to bestow his Time, yet sometimes losing it in order to sympathize with the Distressed, to whom there remains no other Consolation, but tediously to tell over their Misery; He was always communicative according to their Occasions, and could not suffer those Men, intrusted with the Affairs of the Public, as well as of private Persons, who lock themselves up, become in a manner invisible, and make their Cabinets a Sort of Rampart to their Sloth, &c. He says also, when speaking of M. de Lamoignon, *Did ever those who stood in Need of his Help, find impenetrable Barriers betwixt them*

them and him? Were they obliged to stand tedious Hours at his Gate, in order to wait one of his convenient Moments? Was he ever insensible, I don't say to his Friends, but even to the Indiscreet and Importunate? Did he refuse any one the Liberty of telling him Things necessary? Did he not grant to many the Consolation of telling him some superfluous? Could any one speaking to him of an Affair, perceive by any Sign of Sbagreen or Impatience, that he had any other? Did he oppress the Unfortunate, or did he make them purchase by any Harshness the Justice that he did them — he heard with Patience, and answered with Mildness.

You see how much Resemblance there is between these three Pieces; they are the same in Substance, and differ only in the Turn. I leave you to judge; who has the Advantage of that Difference. It were needless to carry these Parallels any further; so I now come to conclude with the Judgment that should be passed upon the Genius of the Orator, and on the Tone of his Composition. His Wit is wonderfully fertile; for he never meets with an Object without dwelling upon it, and without bedecking it with accessory Reflexions, and with an Elocution usually pompous and easy. There is nothing through the whole but a clashing of Thoughts and Diction, multiplied Figures, exhausted Turns, trifling Flourishes, repeated Contrasts, crowded Pictures, joined to a prodigious Flow of Words, Epithets, and Synonymies. This *Funeral Oration* contradicts the Sterility our Language is reproached with, which I find a thousand Times more copious in the Mouth of the Father *de Neuville*, than was the Language of the *Romans* in that of *Cicero*. It is wrong to find fault with the Manner of our Orator's declaiming, conformable, in my opinion, to his Manner of thinking and writing. So far is his Pronunciation from being too rapid, that I believe it were an Advantage to him, were it still more so. By the Means of that monotone Volubility, copious Stile appears compact, Redundancy escapes the Attention of the Hearer; and a Collection of bright Strokes seems to form a regular

regular Picture. It is an impetuous Flood that breaks through its Banks, and overflows all the neighbouring Fields, if you oppose the least Dam to its Course. This Dam there is no-body but has opposed to the Father *de Neuville* in the Silence and cold Blood of the Closet. All his Readers have perceived that his favourite Figure was that which Rhetoricians call Enumeration of Parts, or *Conglobata*, an o'erwhelming Figure, when it is used lavishly. He would have appeared perhaps richer, had he been less fruitful. In fine, if that Copiousness is a Fault, it preserves however commonly from one still greater, that is, from those subtle Refinements of Ideas, from those laboured Touches, and from that ridiculous Fustian, an hundred Times worse than Flatness, to which it was joined not very long ago.

Some intelligent Critics have also condemned in the *Funeral Oration* a few imprudent Allusions, and Encomiums that might be taken for Satyr, and some pretty frequent false Constructions. I have indeed observed several Phrases like the first of the first Part, wherein Grammar is barbarously handled. They would also have wished more Order, more Justness, more Oeconomy, and above all more Strokes of Christianity: Not to mention certain Pieces of Declamation and mere Rhetoric, and a great Number of Latin Turns, that could not escape their Censure. It is pretty singular for a *French* Orator to be reproached with Latinisms: As for our Latin Orators, they have long found the Conveniency of Gallicisms. After all, this Discourse is the first Sketch of the Father *de Neuville* in this Way, and he deserves more than any body to be read with Eyes of Indulgence. Whatever Genius a Writer may have, it is very hard for him to succeed perfectly in a first Essay. His Brother the Father *de la Rue*, forbore publishing his first Funeral Sermon, which was that of *Henry of Bourbon*, the first of the Name, Prince of *Condé*. He had probably discerned its Weakness; and it is really not so beautiful as the rest. I am persuaded (though many assert the contrary) that the Sermons of our Orator are free from the Blemishes that have been observed in that Funeral Elogy. But though they were

composed in the same Taste, would they not have their Value? Would there not be found some fine and delicate Thoughts, some flourished Pictures of Vice, some Portraitures ingeniously drawn, some philosophical Reflexions, and a solid Substance cloathed with new and poetical Expressions? The Pencil of the Father *de Neuville* brightens whatever it touches: It gives an Air of Life and Youth to the dullest and most ancient Colours; and I'll venture to say, that he is in Eloquence, what M. *de Voltaire* is in Poetry. We may apply to them both what the Orator himself has said of the Cardinal *Fleury*: *Those great Men strike our Eyes too near. It is with them as with Statues destined to adorn our public Edifices, to decorate the Fronts of Temples and Palaces: their Beauties, their Features, the Justness of the Proportions, are not discovered, do not shine but at the proper Distance.*

And indeed, I am persuaded that the Father *de Neuville* chiefly designed his *Funeral Sermon* for being pronounced, and that he supposed that when it should be read in Print, his Readers would place him in a favourable Point of View, and that they would not judge of it as a Performance calculated precisely for being read. Just so the great Master who painted the Dome of the Invalids, did not mean that his Figures should be beheld near: For then they no more appear natural; the Colouring is irregular; the Features crowded; every thing offends the Eye, but those Paintings viewed from below charm all Connoisseurs. There is in like Manner a Kind of Optics for certain Performances, whether Dramatic or Oratory. Some there are, that are rather to be heard than read, being less composed for the Eyes, than for the Ears; less for the severe Examination of the Closet, than for the Attention of an indulgent Auditory.

It is easy to see from all I have been saying, that the Eloquence of the Father *de Neuville* is not surely that of *Bossuet, Flechier, Mascalon, Bourdaloue, la Rue, &c.* *Bossuet* disdaining the false Shining of the puerile Antithesis, despising Art, giving himself up wholly to Nature, produces more Things than Words. From his manly Pencil flow those noble Ideas, those bright Touches, those Strokes of Imagination, those Flashes of Wit,

that

that ravish the Soul, and fill Mens Minds with that Enthusiasm which is effected by sublime Energy. Some Negligences of Diction may be pardoned in him on account of the divine Pieces that transport us, and make us tremble. What Fire, what Life in all his Pictures! He knows neither the extravagant Hyperbole, nor the dull Monotony, nor the acute Epigram, nor the insipid Quibble. These he leaves to those jejune Orators, who degrade the Majesty of Religion, and sacrifice it shamefully to the pitiful Desire of pleasing trifling Wits, and of tickling their Ears. He says only what the Copiousness of his Subject inspires him with, and he says it always in a Manner that makes Impression. He does not seek the Beauties diffused through his Funeral Orations, *He contents himself with waiting for them ; he waits not so much for them as he is waited for by them ; he goes not so much to Flowers as Flowers come to him.* *Flechier* smoother, more elegant, and more tender, speaks more to the Heart, and astonishes less the Mind. He moves you by the Elevation of his Thoughts, and by the Sentiments of an affecting Piety. He is now and then sublime, but he would be almost always so, were he not too careful of the Symmetry of his Style. What Pity 'tis he did not perceive that he might have dispensed with the Compass and Level? I find again in *Mascaron* the Strength of *Bosset* ; but never the Politeness of *Flechier*. Had he had as much Taste as either, he would be on a level with them, and would not yield to them the first Honours of the Pulpit: These three great Orators represent to me our three great Tragic Poets, *Corneille*, *Racine*, and the Author of *Rhadamiste* and *Atrée*. Father *Bourdaloue* is in his two Funeral Elogies, as in his Sermons, warm, earnest, persuasive, and pathetic. A profound Reason improved by the sublime Morality of the Gospel forms his Character. An ingenious Division, a just Coherence of the different Parts, Vehemence of Style, and the Beauties of Facility shine in the Funeral Discourses of Father *de la Rue*. Some particularly admire that natural Way of Writing formed from the Ancients, and from which the Moderns deviate only because they have not

Genius enough to make a Thought shine by its own Lustre. Orators that want that Strength of Judgment find themselves obliged to disguise their Barrenness under foreign Ornaments, and to have Recourse to the jingling Figures of the Schools. They are in Eloquence what the *Goths* were in Architecture ; and incapable of attaining the noble Simplicity of the *Greeks*, the *Romans*, and the *French* just cited, they supply it by all the Ravings of a disordered Imagination.

But what constitutes with me the chief Merit of those Oracles of the Pulpit, is that they are grave and solid, and that in them great Actions never are praised, but when they have virtuous Motives. They knew the whole Difficulty of the Art of Funeral Oration, which consists in making an useful Mixture of human Actions with the Truths of Christianity, and in enlightening the former by the Candle of Religion. They alone have had the Art of forming an admirable Contexture that turned to the Instruction of their Hearers, and to their Heroes Praise, without making use of *fulsom Flattery*, and of *insipid Falshood*. When they celebrated the *Virtues*, the *Talents*, and the *Services* of a Prince, of a General, of a Magistrate, of a Statesman, of a Minister, they were afraid that by deviating from the Truth, they might hurt both themselves and their Heroes, by lavishing on these a false Incense in the Eyes of an intelligent Hearer. For this Reason it is that they, scrupulously attached to Truth, lay open with Sincerity what they did for God and the World, and that diving into the most secret Recesses of their Hearts, they there discern their Sentiments and Thoughts. Their very Faults give them no Pain ; they do not seek industriously to cloak them, and when they cannot draw from them Matter of Encomium, they find in them a Fund of Instruction for the Hearer. In a word, their Funeral Orations do not resemble those Panegyrics of the Heathen Emperors, wherein sordid Flattery borrows the Ornaments of an utterly profane Eloquence.

The End of the CRITICISM.

A FULL
REFUTATION
Of the foregoing
CRITICISM
UPON THE
FUNERAL ORATION
OF THE
CARDINAL *de FLEURY.*

Or, A DEFENCE of the
FATHER *de NEUVILLE,*
Addressed to the
MARCHIONESS of *B* —

A FULL
 REFUTATION
 Of the foregoing
 CRITICISM, &c.

I WAS pretty sure, Madam, as I told You, that something would be scribbled against the *Funeral Oration*, and that the Success of that great Performance, would provoke the Envy of the Critics. Had the Father *de Neuville* asked my Advice, I should doubtless have given it against his running the risk of the Pres, and against his *delivering up* that precious Morsel to the greedy *Curiosity* of the profane Public. The Piece had produced its Effect ; it had deceived the Ears : The Opinion we had all carried away of it, declared it a Master-piece to the World, and the Approbation of the Court was sufficient to immortalize the Author. But as some desired mightily to see in Print, what was not at all designed for reading ; the Orator finding himself obliged to yield to superior Commands, or to the Importunities of his Friends, incroached so far on his Modesty as to suffer it to be printed, and so happened what I had foreseen. The Pedants have examined in the false Light of the Closet, what we had admired in the *Perspective* of the Pulpit, and have strenuously exerted themselves to search for some Faults in it. But have they found any ? I maintain the Negative, and find nothing easier than to confute their Censure.

It is very hard, however, that a Man who has carried the Applauses of a Court so intelligent as ours, that an Orator expressly cut out for it, should be exposed to the Criticism of a *Subaltern*, whose Taste flatly Citi-
 zen,

zen, formed by an obscure Study, has no Relish of Things of Genius. Ought Orators of a certain Rank to be accountable for their Success, and subordinated in some sort to Writers of an inferior Order? 'Tis an Abuse, in my Opinion, that should be reformed, and an Outrage upon good Taste, whereof the Court is the undoubted Arbiter, and the City has at most but some Tincture by Reflexion. But to return to the Father *de Neuville*.

You know that Father, Madam; you know that after having tried, formed, cultivated his Apostolical Talents in Missions into the Country, the *Jesuits* full of Sagacity, happy, dextrous in distinguishing Geniuses, thought him fit to shine on a greater Stage, and therefore called him into the Capital. He was placed all of a sudden at the Head of our Christian Orators, astonished to see him with one Bound o'erleap the Immensity of the Distance, and appear at the End of the Race, before he had begun to run it.

The Author of the *Critical Letter* did not imagine, I believe, to hit the Nail on the Head so luckily, when he compared the Father *de Neuville* to our peerless and charming *Voltaire*. He is indeed pretty much the same Genius: See the Father *de Neuville* at Table, in a Circle, with a Duchess, in the Cabinet of a Courtier; He is universal, inexhaustible, ever new. His Wit, Taste and Learning, his Art of painting, his Knowledge of the World, shine every where conspicuous. He has all the agreeable Intelligences, all the Resources of Imagination. He multiplies himself, so to speak; he is sometimes a Statesman, and talks of the Finances; at other Times he discourses of War, as well as our very Generals: Profound as he is in the Pulpit, he handles a Point of Conversation with a Copiousness, a Facility, a Fire, with Graces—In a Word, the Resemblance is perfect in many respects, between the Poet and Orator; and one who accuses the latter of having borrowed from the former that lively, delicate, happy Expression, which becomes almost a Thought (*Friendship! and I speak of a King!*) must needs be ignorant that

that *Geniuses* of this Order jump with one another without knowing it; without ceasing to be *Originals*, and that the same Turn of Mind produces pretty near the same Ideas. If from the Country where the Father *de Neuville* signalized the Essays of his Ministry, his Reputation had pierced, his Name had reached, as far as *Voltaire*, he would doubtless have forthwith assigned him a distinguished Place by him in the **TEMPLE OF TASTE**, and would perhaps have associated him upon better Grounds than *M. Rollin* did one of those charming Actresses he has so much celebrated in his Works.

The Criticism of the *Funeral Oration* rolls chiefly upon some Imitations charged against the Father *de Neuville*. These are some Pieces of *Boffuet*, *Flechier*, *Bourdaloue*, *la Rue*, &c. which that Father's vast Reading, which his *tractable Memory*, *faithful in representing to him* whatever is committed to it, often too exact in serving him, may possibly have suggested to him in the Heat of Composition, and which dressed in his own Colours, may have passed in the Croud of his own Ideas. But for some suppositious Children, our Orator is neither the less fruitful, the less new, nor the less original. We are, on the contrary, infinitely obliged to him for having revived so many beautiful Strokes, which neither you, Madam, nor I, nor a thousand others should have dreamed of seeking in their Sources.

Let me add, that if there is not some Ill-Nature in pretending that he has taken his Text from I don't know what Professor, as little known at Court as are all those of the University, this Remark savours at least of the College, and plainly speaks the plebeian Critic.

The Observation he makes also upon that admirable Part; **WHAT IS IT TO EDUCATE A PRINCE BORN FOR THE THRONE?** *That all the Strokes it contains were juster, had the Cardinal de Fleury been the King's Governour*, is mere Cavil. Every one knows what Influence a Preceptor, whose Views are not always confined within the Limits of his Employment, may have

over the Disposition and Genius of his Pupil. But even at the Hazard of a little Justness, what can be wished after that shining Piece, and the affecting Detail of the different Educations. Among all the Systems extant, nothing can be found more rational, and all those accessory Beauties do no manner of Harm to the principal. In general, it must have required a great deal of Art to enrich a Subject already so rich, to in-chase in it all those Ornaments, that ingenious Sketch of the Court, that of the Disputes in Religion, and so many others that make so shining an Appearance. They are, if you will, but Pieces of inlaid Work, or Cartridges, that compose the Frame, and which serve to set off the principal Picture; they are however finely executed, and finished even to the *Claro-oscuro*.

I now proceed to the Judgment the Critic has passed upon the *Genius* of our Orator, and the *Tone* of his *Composition*. He allows him great Fertility, the Talent of a Declaimer, by what he insinuates. But what does he understand by *accessory Reflexions*, by *Clashings of Thoughts and Diction*? Can he mean by those *accessory Reflexions* the Transitions of the *Funeral Discourse*? They are indeed so many Reflexions; but 'tis in this Part, in my Opinion, that the Father *de Neuville* excels. The whole of his Discourse is connected with great Art, and the Thread of it is almost imperceptible. One Reflexion makes way for another Reflexion; one Series brings on another Series; the Subject grows, enlarges by Degrees, gives Notice to Attention, and always prevents any Fear of Sterility. These Reflexions skilfully managed, ferment, if I may so say, and are a Leaven that raises the Lump of the Discourse.

Clashings of Thoughts and Diction look wondrous like *Concetti*: But I suspect the Critic to have thereby intended to mark all those delicate Oppositions between the Ideas and Expressions; such as, Happy in joining *Complaisance* — with the *Probity of the honest Man*. *Complaisance* and *Probity*, what a Contrast! Perhaps also he means some of them in those pretty Phrases

familiar to the Orator. *He seeks not after Dignities, he contents himself with waiting for them. He waits not so much for them, as he is waited for by them. Waiting, waits, waited.* What Ideas are contained in these few Words! And indeed in the whole Discourse, Thoughts are accumulated, croud upon, and *clash* with one another. Therefor there is a Fertility of Things, as well as of Expressions.

The Critic grants that the latter does Honour to our *Language*, and cannot forbear applauding our Orator's Manner of declaiming, *conformable*, says he; *to his Manner of thinking and writing.* He adds that it were *an Advantage to him, to pronounce still more rapidly*; and all this followed by the Imputation of his being diffuse, redundant, prolix. But though this clear-sighted Critic had not previously informed us that he here gives us the Judgment of his Eyes, it were no hard Matter to perceive it. And therefor may it not be opposed to him, that to judge judiciously by the Organ of the Eyes of a Piece of mere *Perspective*, as he is pleased to define it, he ought to have read that Performance with the same Rapidity with which our Ears catched it from the Mouth of the Orator. *The copious Style would then have appeared more compact, the Redundancy would have escaped his curious Avidity.* But the Eyes of a nauseating Critic, who seeks only to justify his Dislike, are a Kind of Prism, that dissolves Objects by drawing them near. Now though this were the surest Method of judging of ingenious Performances, I should prefer an Illusion that flatters me, to a Discovery that diminishes my Satisfaction; and so I declare for the Judgment of the Ears.

Some again tax the Father *de Neuville*, according to the Censor, with imprudent Allusions, *Encomiums that might be taken for Satyr, false Constructions, Latinisms, &c.*

For my Part, I cannot perceive where those Allusions are to be found? Is there any Imprudence in that Common-Place so happy, so new by the Use the Orator

tor makes of it, and which so excellently closes the Exordium. *Need I beg of you, GENTLEMEN, a favourable Attention? I know that in vulgar Minds Encomium is wont to offend the jealous Delicacy of Self-Love.* I know that with respect to those Men, who were the Depositaries of Favours, Pride seeks to satisfy itself, to revenge itself on the Person for the servile Homages it so often lavished on Fortune—But the Nobleness, the Elevation of your Sentiments secure you from the Indignity of so injurious a Suspicion.

The Father *de Neuville* having to speak before an Assembly of Courtiers, whose jealous Delicacy might have been offended by a less moderate Elogy than his, was sensible of the Necessity of obviating Pride and Self-Love. But mark with what Address he bespeaks their Favour. What Complaisance and Precaution is there in that Apostrophe, which, without debasing the Hero, shews the cautious Circumspection, and prudent Diffidence of the Panegyrist! In all the Funeral Orations our Nation ever produced, I defy the best Eyes in the World to discover a Stroke of such Strength.

Would they accuse of Imprudence those fine Touches, those striking Contrasts, those Points of View, whether interspersed in that exquisite Picture of the Court, or in the multiplied Portraits of the Cardinal? Must there not be Shades in Paintings, and could the Orator shew his Hero in different Lights, without all those Oppositions, which have perhaps been denominated *imprudent Allusions*?

As to the *Encomiums that might be taken for Satyr*, I can guess what the Critic understands by these equivocal Encomiums, or rather what he has not at all understood. Of twenty Instances that offer, one may suffice.

The Father *de Neuville*, a Man of too great Judgment to praise the Subject at the Expence of the Master, offers to his Hero in Quality of Minister, only an Incense relative to the Prince, and this is a Touch of

of great Dexterity. *Ab! what other Reigns, says he, have borrowed their Glory from the Genius of the Men called to the Administration of public Affairs. But here it is the Qualities of the Monarch that constitute the Glory of the Minister* — The less the Cardinal de Fleury was NECESSARY, the more glorious will it be for him, that so great a King thought him useful to the Welfare of his Kingdom. An Encomium true, delicate, singular, as finely expressed and turned, as happily thought, and profoundly studied, an artful Encomium that regards equally the Master and the Subject.

The Cardinal de Fleury was little necessary, but the King thought him useful. Behold the Discernment of the Prince honoured by the Choice of the Minister, useless as he was to him in reality, because 'tis sufficient for him to have thought him necessary! Behold the Glory and the Capacity of the Minister immortalised by the Confidence and Choice of the Prince! This judicious Touch is still more striking, its Justness is more sensible when it is set in its due Point of View; I mean, after the Detail of the uncommon Qualities of the Cardinal; the proper Talents of the Ministry, vast, numerous, unbounded, I would say almost incompatible, did not the Orator demonstrate their Agreement, their Union, their Harmony, their Oeconomy.

What do they call *false Constructions*, and *Latinisms*? Is it those Boldnesses of Style, those Inversions of Phrases, those Poetical Turns, those Thoughts interrupted, hardly sketched, those Passages where the Sense is broke off, and suspended, in which the Piece in question abounds? Ah! Gentlemen Purists, you know nothing at all of the Matter. That is the Style peculiar to the Genius. Leave we timid and frigid Writers to subject themselves to the Rules of Art, to the common Usages of Language: A delicate, fine, ingenious Writer forms always a Language to himself: He for the most Part speaks only to the Imagination, to the Wit. An ancient Painter used to give his Pictures some Delicacies which supplied the Deficiencies of

of his Pencil. * *There was more thought than expressed.* Such is the Manner of the Father de Neuville: He must be guessed at, and is guessed at.

Would you see some pretended Faults of Style? That Phrase in the Exordium is doubtless one in the delicate Eyes of our Censor. *Temples, Academies daily resound with Lessons adapted to teach that Wisdom; but rare, very rare, are the Examples capable of persuading it.* This perhaps is a *Latinism*. I have almost forgot my Latin; but the Transpositions which constitute, in my Opinion, the whole Beauty of this Period, were sufficient to give me some Taste for that Language.

Begging *Vaugelas's* Pardon, the Beginning of the first Part pleases me also to the highest Degree.

To arrive at the most eminent Dignities of the Church and State, to possess all the Titles and Honours that Priesthood and Empire can bestow—when Providence is pleased to present to the World such Prodigies of Elevation, straightway Ambition, &c.

Do you observe, Madam, the Mechanism of this Phrase? The first Member (a School Term this, which I remember by accident) The first Member then, according to the Purists, should be followed by one of these Forms, *These are Prodigies of Elevation, &c. This is the Work of a Providence, &c.* But how agreeably is the Attention of the Reader suspended by the new Turn which disjoins the two Members, and breaks off the Sense! This rough Passage forms to my Taste I don't know what Harmony, which represents to me the Effect of sublime Intervals in Music; could you believe that I find in it something of *Rameau*? †

Now I talk of Music, here are some *Tacets*. When he is speaking of the Education of the King committed to the Bishop of Frejus. *Here should I not finish my Discourse? The Approbation of the Father, and the Virtues of the Son! Lewis XIV and Lewis XV!* These are

* *Timanthus*, who excelled in Expression, painted more for the Wit, than the Eyes. *Pliny* says of his Works: *Plus intelligitur quam pingitur.*

† A famous Musician of Paris.

some of his acute and poignant Strokes, which say and do not say, and which alone are as good as some long Periods.

This Figure (probably it is one) is frequent in the *Funeral Discourse*; but we shall presently see it used with a peculiar Justness, applied with infinite Art: The Orator mentions the Commotions in the North, on occasion of the King of Poland. *That Prince united to France by the most sacred Ties, the Desires of his Country call him; Cabals, intestine Factions conducted, fomented, supported, emboldened*—But let us forget Events revenged by the Success of War, made amends for by the Advantages of Peace.—How much does this say, in saying nothing! See how lightly, how delicately the *Poland* Affair is touched on. How admirably does this artful Interruption characterize that singular Event! 'Tis the Picture of the Painter that inspires the Thought.

In short, says the Critic, they would have wished to have found in Father *de Neuville's* Performance, *more Order, more Justness, more Strokes of Christianity*. This indefinite Reproach and destitute of all Manner of Proof, sufficiently declares the small Compass of the Censor's Judgment. I don't know what Notion People now entertain of the *Funeral Discourse*; but if I might be allowed to hazard my *Way of Thinking* upon this Kind of Composition, I would compare Funeral Oration and Panegyric in general to the Pindaric Ode; where all is Enthusiasm, all Delirium, where the Imagination gives itself full Scope, where the Genius gradually rises, takes its Flight, soars aloft like an Eagle, till it lose itself in the Clouds. It is not there then (I speak of Funeral Oration) that we are to seek that Justness, those Proportions, that Analytical Method which deadens the whole; or the Didactic of Homilies. *In it a beautiful Disorder is an Effect of Art.* All Manner of Rambles are allowed the Panegyrist; Excursions into Politics and History, ingenious Systems, Pictures of Manners: Some Images, some delicate Reflexions, above all some Wit; some Flashes,

Flashes, some Sallies, some Turn and Richness in the Expression ; these are all that is required of him. In short, he ought to give a loose to the whole Impetuosity of his Genius. 'Tis a Torrent, which, swelled with the Waters it collects or absorbs in its Course, rushes down from the Top of a Rock, and growing always more rapid, and more copious, falls in Cascades*. Am I not insensibly tracing the Character of the Father *de Neuville*? Yes, Madam, he is the *Pindar* of the Pulpit. You know, at least by Reputation, that sublime Poet who praised every Thing, and even the minutest Matters in the most magnificent Manner. What can I add to this Character? I leave you to distinguish the Justness of the Comparison in all its Parts ; but chiefly in those Oratory Profusions, in that Luxury, if I may venture the Expression, every where set forth, displayed, presented by the sumptuous Panegyrist. Another manifest Trait of Resemblance, is the Art of setting Objects in the Light the most favourable to the Design of the Poet and Orator, which renders them at once concise, and superabundant ; an Art common to both, and wherein they both excel. Thus the Father *de Neuville*, sometimes frugal of Expressions and lavish of Meaning, paints a great Event in four Words, and discovers a long Train of Facts : Sometimes on the contrary, frugal of Meaning, he artfully drowns a single Fact, a Reflexion in a Torrent of Expressions.

To return to the Want of Oeconomy, which the sordid Taste of the Critic seeks proposterously enough in a Performance where the Orator is carried away, as it were, against his Will, by the Force of his Subject ; I forgive him for not seeing all the Beauties that result from it. But I cannot give up the Division to him. *The Favour of the Prince obtained by Merit and Services, supported by Talents, illustrated by Virtues. Merit and Virtues ; Services and Talents ! It belongs*

* *Monte decurrentis velut amnis, imbris*

Quem super notas aluere ripas :

Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo

Pindarus ore.

Horat.

not to every body to taste those delicate Differences, to modify so simple Ideas, then to extend, and to amplify them, with so much Justness and Distinction as the Orator retraces them within each of the Parts of the Discourse.

As for the *Strokes of Christianity*, wherein the Oeconomy of the Father *de Neuville* is most unjustly complained of; begging the religious Censor's Pardon, there are sufficient to content very Devotees. Two Passages of the Holy Scripture, besides the Text (for I have taken the Pains to count them) three from St. *Augustine* and another Father: That tender Piety of the Cardinal on his Death-bed set forth with so much Unction; his sometimes burning, sometimes moderate Zeal for Religion, so pathetically described; his Fervour in Divine Service, especially in the latter Part of his Life, and his Relish of the Book of the *Imitation*, represented in so edifying a Manner; lastly, that sublime Touch upon Eternity, wherein the Orator holily poetical, transports us with his Hero——I must own myself entirely ignorant of Christianity, if these are not Strokes, and sensible Strokes of it. Would they then, those Breviary-mongers, have had a Piece of Eloquence designed to fire the Imagination, made a *Capuchinade*, an *insipid Homily*?

You remember, Madam, that fine Sermon on *Hu-mour* we heard together. It was pure *la Rochefoucault*, and *la Bruyere*: This is what I call preaching! As little of Holy Scripture as may be; for every body has it by Heart: Of Christian Morality, *pocissimo*. Yet less from the Fathers, as they are become trite. This Resource should be let alone to the *Jansenists*, who dare not speak but after their Books. A Wit, a Man who thinks, is original even in the Pulpit. He lives with Men in order to know them; he studies the World in the Midst of the World; this is the great Book of the Father *de Neuville*, the Book he is best acquainted with, and that he cites most. Hence all those resembling Pictures, those finished Pieces, those lively Representations, those delicate Satyrs on delicate

Vices, which gently affect the Imagination, and present to it only Objects fitter for the Speculation of devote Circles, than the austere Meditation of the Deserts.

No, my little Critic, the Eloquence of our Orator is not that of the *Boffuets*, the *Flechiers*, the *Bourdaloues*, &c. It is the Eloquence of the Father *de Neuville*; an Eloquence singular, peculiar to himself alone, which is his only, and extends to none beyond him: Add to this Elogium, who can !

Nothing further was wanting, Madam, to the Temerity of the Critic, but to attack the principal Part of the *Funeral Discourse*; I mean to accuse the Author of Flattery, of Disguise, of Profusion even and Excess, in dispensing of the Flowers which he strews with so liberal a Hand over the Tomb of his Eminence: This, however, he presumes to do in an indirect Way, by the equivocal Reflexions that close his Letter. In order to make a Counter-part to this Piece, and to justify the Father *de Neuville* in every Point, I should need only to assemble all those scattered Touches, that form the Character of his Hero, and to collect them under one Point of View that would shew you their Proportion, their Conformity, their Justness: But as this Kind of Analysis would carry me to too great a Length, some few of them set before your Eyes, will be sufficient to make you judge of the Fidelity of the Painter.

The Orator brings the Abbé *de Fleury* to Court, almost just upon his leaving College. After having acquired the Riches of Litterature, drawn from their Sources the Beauties of the Language of Rome and Athens, penetrated into the Depths of Religion, the Abbé *de Fleury* appears at Court — There the first Step he makes in those intricate Paths, one would think he had traced them a thousand Times — With one Glance he dives into the Mystery of Cabals; he lays hold of the Knot of all Intrigues: He discerns the Competition and Opposition of all Interests: He brings to Court the Talents that are usually sought there.

It is not very easy, I confess, to conceive how a Man come directly from College to Court, can be at once a consummate Courtier: But it was the Element of the Abbé de Fleury; he there appeared, says the Orator, *with that happy Physiognomy, and that I don't know what on his Forehead*, which prepossesses Mens Minds, which opens their Hearts. *Societies of the finest Taste receive him, call him, invite him; the Houses of the Great, the Palaces of Princes open to the Abbé de Fleury.* All these Openings therefor could not but shorten the Road considerably; and so the Phenomenon is explained.

One would not however imagine, that so distinguished a Vocation for the Court in a Man, *who was its Darling*, should have ended only in a Bishopric in the Mountains of Provence. But being recalled to be the King's Preceptor, we see him straightway go with a slow Pace to the first Employments of the State. He arrives at them at length, carried along by the Course of Events, and this Prodigy of Elevation is the Work of Time, the Price of Years. But then what Talents, what Capacity is all at once disclosed! Talents superior to all those of the most expert Ministers, of the Mazarins, of the Richelieus; a Vivacity, a Justness, an Extent of Judgment, a surprizing Memory, an almost incredible Multiplicity of almost incompatible Knowledges, Commerce, Finances, War, Marine, Justice, Religion, Interests of Princes; he is perfect Master of all these Subjects: He knows the Manners, the Character, the Genius of all Nations. *It might be said of the Cardinal de Fleury that he dwelled in all Parts of Europe, that he was educated at all the Courts, that he treated with all the Ministers, that he conversed with all the learned Men, that he assisted at all the Councils.* You see, Madam, that this Elogium is not at all exaggerated. It doubtless were difficult to believe there was but one Man here in question, or this might be imagined the Definition of a Minister that does no where exist: But the Regrets of the Nation do but too much justify the Portraiture.

The Knowledge of Men, adds the Orator, was that of the Cardinal de Fleury ; and perhaps no Man was less known than he. We see indeed by the Choice of those who fill most of the great Employments, that he had the Discernment of Men. As for him, *thoug there were no Veils, no Clouds, no Mysteries in his Conduct*, as the Orator said higher, he nevertheless was impenetrable.

I should never have done, were I to insist on all the Parts that struck me in the different Pictures of the Cardinal, Pictures so varied by their different Lights, yet so like in respect of their Object. But I fancy I have said enough to stop the Mouths of Censors. Let me only add that if there is any Merit in finding Faults in a Performance, it is far inferior to that of discerning its Beauties : In a Word, the Difficulty of the Art of commanding, and the Facility of Criticism ; these two Arts compared together will enable you to judge of the *Funeral Oration*, and of the Censure passed upon it.

I am, with great Respect,

M A D A M,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant

*The Chevalier de M ***.*

P. S. You'll perhaps find a little too much Vanity in a Reflexion which now escapes me, and which I can no longer contain. But you must know, Madam, that since I have read the *Funeral Discourse*, my Style methinks is bolder, and much less jejune, less dry ; I will not presume to say, richer and more copious. As I may therefor have insensibly catched a Tincture of that great Model, I may apply to myself that comfortable Saying of an Ancient : *Whilst I admire him, I almost transform myself into him**.

* I have not been able to discover in any Author, not even in the *Polyanthea*, whence the *Apologist* has taken this Passage ; if it is not an Allusion to these Words of one of *Cicero's Letters*. *Dum illum video, penè sum factus ille.*

The End of the REFUTATION.

A
LETTER
TO THE
Marquis of A——
UPON THE
FUNERAL ORATION
OF THE
CARDINAL *de FLEURY*,
Written by the
FATHER *de NEUVILLE*.

Я ~~с~~ ~~т~~ ~~и~~ ~~и~~
дът о
Мария
бъдът
умъжоръдъ
гърбът
Гардънътъ

A

LETTER

TO THE

Marquis of A—, &c.

METHINKS, Sir, I see renewed in our Days, what happened long ago at *Rome*, some Months after the Death of *Cato*. *Cicero* made the Funeral Elogy of that great Man, and his Performance was received by the Public with incredible Applauses. This *Cesar* highly resenting, obliged *Hirtius* to write a Refutation of that Discourse which gave him so great Displeasure. *Brutus* and *Fabius Gallus*, of their own accord, composed also something on the Subject: But neither their Criticism, that of *Hirtius*, nor that which *Cesar* himself afterwards made upon it, none of these, I say, did Harm to the Reputation of the *Panegyrist*: Nay, their Censures did him Honour. For *Cesar*, though the warmest of all to condemn the Elogy, could not forbear comparing it with whatever *Pericles* and *Theramenes* had produced most shining and happiest in that Kind.

You here must doubtless discover under the Name of *Cato* the Cardinal *de Fleury*; *Cicero* represents to you the Father *de Neuville*, who has lately given us the Elogy of that Cardinal. *Cesar*-like, you command me to examine that Elogium, and assigning me the Part of *Hirtius*, you force me to give you my Opinion of a Discourse, which none is a better Judge of than yourself.

I do not disown, that there is in this, as in every Kind of Comparison, some Difference of Proportions, and this

this I shall presently specify. For if you did not accuse me of a Defect in Justness, you might think me guilty of an Excel of Flattery; but I hate as much that mean Complaisance which debases the Heart, as I am jealous of that exact Discernment which is the Glory of a solid Judgement.

I do not pretend here to estimate the Merit of *Cato*, nor that of the Cardinal *de Fleury*. They both loved their Country; but *Cato* was severe, temperate, stern, inexorable, and though a Man of the best Intentions, he did Harm to his Republic by his Inflexibility. The Cardinal on the contrary was affable, easy, engaging — I leave you, Sir, to finish the Disparity, who are much more capable of doing it.

The Father *de Neuville*, strictly speaking, is not the *Cicero* of our Age; but our Age affords very few Orators, who come nearer to *Cicero* than that Father. And here I say nothing but what is supported by the Suffrages of all *France*, and not one of our Wits can contradict me, without shewing himself meanly jealous of the Talents of that Orator.

I might possibly, Sir, find in your Inclination to Arms, and Love of Learning, a considerable Resemblance of *Cesar*, *Cesar* as he was; but I here find a very sensible Difference between you and *Cesar*, a Difference that pleases me much; which is, that no Motive of Hatred or Revenge prompts you to require my Sentiments of the Elogy of the Minister we have lost.

I see nothing but my own Parallel with *Hirtius* that does not hold: This was one of the most distinguished Men in *Rome* for a sure and delicate Taste. But 'tis sufficient for me to resemble him, by my submissive Obedience to your Commands. This Obedience is a Merit, and the only Merit indeed, that I have to boast with You.

I proceed therefore, Sir, to give you the Satisfaction you require, and whilst, several other Critics, voluntarily, and undesired, assume the Character of *Brutus* and *Fabius Gallus*, and are ready to impugn the Father *de Neuville*

Neuville, I shall communicate to you a few Reflexions I have made on his Discourse. You have doubtless foreseen, that, as I was not able by my Elogies to add ought to the Triumph of that Orator, what suited me best was to contribute something to it by my Censure. So in the Triumphs of the *Roman* Emperors, some Persons were employed to deafen them with idle Satyrs. I consent however to the Use you are pleased to make of my Talents; but through the Course of this Letter, I beg you may remember that I should have been proud of being the Author of the very Passages I shall find fault with, and that I am in some sort pleased with the Defects I shall be obliged to remark in that Performance.

Never was there a happier Text than that of the Funeral Oration. But I could have wished the Orator had not abandoned it as useless, after laying it open with a good deal of Care, and that he had drawn from it the Substance at least of his Division. - But though he has not done, this I suppose he could have done it.

The Division he makes is much better illustrated by the Proofs, than it is at first in the general Proposition, where the Terms, Merit, Services, Talents, Virtues, are not different enough from each other to give a distinct Notion of the several Heads it is expected to promise.

Every Particular of the Discourse, is most accurately disposed. The Facts, without being formally ranged, are well distributed, in such a Manner as to serve always as Proofs, and so that they could not have been more naturally placed than where they are inserted. The Orator has perfectly observed *Horace's* Precept;

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici.

No Part of the Discourse borrows any thing from the rest. This would more evidently appear, were I to resolve the Oration, by reducing it to those first Sketches the Author chalked out for his Plan. But this would be tedious to You, Sir, who so perfectly

understand its whole Oeconomy. By this it is you begin usually to judge of a Performance; and it is indeed the true Merit of a Work to be well scaffolded; for otherwise Reason itself has no Beauty, Wit strays at random, Style is unconnected, there is no Body, nothing to be seen but dislocated Members that have neither Soul nor Life. *Disiecti membra Poetæ.*

I have not a little admired the Address of the Orator, who has so much the Art of drawing from his Subject whatever can enhance the Merit of it. The most common Things by passing through his Hands become Prodigies. He enlarges, disposes, polishes, sets in the finest Light whatever can reflect Honour upon his Hero, and he runs with a graceful Swiftness over any thing he finds capable of opposing the happy and seducing Vivacity of his Genius.

I could have wished the Style of the Performance in question had been more compact; for then it would have been more nervous. His copious Fertility charms me, but yet it is faulty; for without adding any thing to the Sense, it does but multiply the Expressions. It is an astonishing Profusion of Words, which shines however and dazzles; but it wearies, it fatigues. The Father *de Neuville* must doubtless compose with Facility. His easy and natural Manner shews him a Person of a lively and fruitful Imagination, which, without running after Expressions too often rebellious, finds them in Crouds in its own proper Fund, and has but to let them (if I may so say) range themselves in order of their own accord, like the Stones under the Lyre of *Ampbion*. This Talent is rare, but it is not so happy a one as it appears. I like much better a Genius which brings forth with Difficulty, which struggles with its first Ideas, which culls, which rejects, which chuses, which rejects again, which chuses anew, and which labours, till at length it find the Expression, which alone is proper to render its Thought: For there is but one Expression that can rightly render it; all others are insignificant, and serve only to divert the Attention of the Hearers. Rivers and Torrents in the Impetuosity of their Course, generally

generally carry Mud or some foreign Bodies along with them: Whereas an Alembic, notwithstanding the Heat that enflames it, runs Drop by Drop; but then it gives nothing but the purest Essence of the Simples it contains.

Whoever has the good Fortune to discern the Great, the Perfect, dares never flatter himself that he has attained to it. Hence those Efforts of an exact and scrupulous Delicacy; and hence also that judicious Distinction, those correct, but bold Strokes, that ever happy Preference of the Necessary to the Agreeable, those Master-Touches, in short, which appear less the Work of the Author, than of Nature herself. For Nature in all Things contents herself with little; she enjoins no less a prudent Temperance for the Mind, than for the Body. Whatever is superfluous enervates both the one and the other, diminishes their Strength, and impairs their Vigour.

What I say of the Father *de Neuville*'s Terms, which are generally accumulated upon each other, may be equally said of his Thoughts. In these too I find some Pleonasm. When he has once laid hold of an Idea, he is very loth to part with it; he particularizes it, he models, and remodels it, though he has already adorned it, he still embellishes it over and over again. This Fertility proceeds from the same Source, or perhaps may be owing to the Clashing of his Ideas, which hinders him from perceiving immediately his Object with that steady and piercing Glance that sees the whole of it at once, and that bestows no more Touches in painting it, than it has been Moments in examining it. One would be apt to say that he first *feels* what he has a Mind to represent; he discovers one Side, and observes it; then another, and he considers it; a third presents itself, and he dwells upon it; and so Step by Step he arrives at making a pleasing Picture, but one in which we distinguish the Joinings of the Colours, and as it were Hatchings which divide the Object, and which hinder it from being seen in its full Extent; *Animum picturā pascit inani.*

Hence it comes, as I have several Times observed, that one goes away empty from his Discourses. He dwells upon the Surface of Things. His Notions amuse, but make no Impression, being too soft, so to speak, too light and too trifling, they touch only the Imagination, and do not subdue the Judgment, which it is of greatest Moment to move and to convince.

I would fain have the Father *de Neuville* to be less fruitful: This is the only Fault I find in him. He would go more safely and more swiftly to his Mark, did he imitate those Pilots, who, in order to row more nimbly, throw Part of their Riches into the Sea. To lose in this Manner is to gain.

He would thereby diminish the number of his Antitheses, which I do not absolutely blame; but the nauseous Frequency of which he must allow me to condemn. The Beautiful, if not rare, ceases almost to be beautiful; and in painting of the noble Passions, Points and witty Turns do always hurt to the Pathetic. In his Pictures every thing without Exception is Jingle and Antithesis. And were these Pictures of a graver and more serious Cast, would they not be more lively, more passionate, more varied? Would they not have more Majesty, nay perhaps more Harmony? A florid Way of writing, said long ago M. *de Fenelon*, never attains to the Sublime. Art dishonours and betrays itself by shewing itself.

The Father *de Neuville* seems to have drawn his own Portraiture in the Discourse we are examining. Those Men, says he, whose lively, fertile, elevated Imagination, brings forth without Difficulty those happy Turns, those fine and delicate Reflexions, those bold Strokes, that Great, that Moving, that Sublime, which ravishes, which touches, which transports, which enchant; the Beauties of their Style, Beauties simple and natural, Beauties noble and exalted, have all the Embellishment, all the Ornaments of Art; but none of the Constraint and Servitude of it; Nothing smells of Effort, of Labour, &c. This Picture is so much the liker, that the very Style the Orator has employed in it, speaks precisely the Style that is peculiar

peculiar to him. How many Expressions, how many Terms, how many Synonymies in so few Words!

I therefor am not at all surprized at the Intertexture, shall I say, or the Obscurity, sometimes to be observed in his Phrases. Copiousness usually creates Confusion. I should spin out my Letter to too great a Length, did I here mention all the Passages of this Discourse, that I have been obliged to read twice over before I could understand them. The Father *de Neuville* wants to lose Nothing, and wants always to dazzle. And he dazzles sometimes so excessively that it is no longer possible to follow him.

I shall conclude, Sir, without staying to remark some Expressions of this Discourse, which have appeared to me not *French*. One of the Constructions that most shocked me, and which is certainly not in the Rules of our Language, is that of the long, and perplexed Period with which he introduces his first Part: *To arrive at the most eminent Dignities of Church and State, to possess all the Titles and Honours that Priesthood and Empire can bestow; when Providence is pleased to present to the World these Prodigies of Elevation; straight-way Ambition eager to propose to herself a Model easy to be imitated, Envy &c.*

These Negligences of Style serve also to shew us, that it is very hard to attain to absolute Perfection. The greatest Geniuses have always some Weakness that sinks them to the Level of the Vulgar, as far as they surpass it by the Superiority of their Talents. They are like *Moses's* Bush that burned with Fire, which Fire however could not consume its Thorns.

The Father *de Neuville* has Faults. Who wants some? But Faults he would have, though there were Some free from them. I know few Geniuses so happy, and which have at once more Boldness and Elevation, more Loftiness and Vehemence, more Turn and Delicacy. But how much more admirable is he still for his Modesty! I am sure he would not despise even my Remarks, should he ever happen to see them. He would not do as the *Gladiators* of old, who appealed

to

to the People against their Antagonists that were like to get the better of them. He would rather imitate the younger *Pliny*, whose natural Graces and smiling Fecundity he revives. He would prefer the Opinion of a disinterested Man of Letters to the Approbation of a rude illiterate Multitude. *Ego enim*, said *Pliny*, *non populum advolare, sed certos electosque Soles, quos insuear, quibus credam, quos denique & tanquam singulos observem, & tanquam non singulos timeam.*

I am,

Sir, &c.

The End of the LETTER.



SOME
REFLECTIONS
Upon the preceding
LETTER:
BY A
YOUNG LAWYER.

СИОКИЛДЖ

ЯДОДД

БАУМ

SOME

REFLEXIONS

Upon the preceding

LETTER.

TH E Criticism upon the celebrated *Funeral Oration of the Cardinal de Fleury*, contained in the late *Letter to the Marquis of A*—deserves, methinks, a few Animadversions. I shall content myself with examining it in itself, leaving to others the Care of comparing it with those which have already appeared.

The Criticism in question may be considered, with respect to the Judgments of the Author, and with respect to the Style and Oeconomy of the Criticism. I shall not here enter into an exact Discussion of the Judgments the Author passes upon different Passages of the *Funeral Oration*. For in them all, he is in a Manner, the Echo of the Public: It is an Honour to him, however, to have chimed in so luckily with it. We find that though the Author of the Letter has intended to criticize the Father *de Neuville*, yet he himself makes an Encomium on him, which must needs flatter that Orator. It is only with Reluctance and in Obedience to a Friend's Commands, that he takes upon him to pierce through the deceitful Cover which hides some slight Imperfections. It is, in short, with the greatest Deference that he commences Censor of a Performance, the very Faults whereof he would willingly honour. But how can he possibly resist *Cesar's* Commands? It was the Name of the Friend that induced *Hirtius* to make a Criticism on

the Funeral Elogy of the *Cato of France*, pronounced by the modern *Cicero*:

I do not know whether that Friend, whose Acquaintance I do not pretend to, Cesar as he is, would agree to the Justness of the Comparison. That-happy Allegory of the Author is perhaps the Fruit of long and mature Reflexion: It is not easy to part with a Thought, which has cost some Trouble to find: The very Difficulty oftentimes constitutes its sole Merit.

The Author acknowledges in the Father *de Neuville* a surprizing Fertility, a prodigious Vivacity of Genius, an Imagination full of Fire. But he seems to condemn that Fertility: Too great Copiousnes produces Confusion. He sometimes is in love with the Flights of a warm Imagination: But he would have the Judgment to keep it within Bounds, and to moderate its Transports: He knows that Passion, impatient of Constraint, has a Language peculiar to itself; but when grown too ingenious, it studies the Thought too much, and so instead of striking the Soul, it does but tickle the Wit. *The Beautiful*, as the Author very well observes, *ceases to be beautiful, if it be not rare*: Art is requisite through the whole; but the greatest Art is that of concealing it. Now I am persuaded, Sir, that, as great a Partisan as you are of the Father *de Neuville*, you will agree with me as to the Truth of these Judgments.

But here is a second Reflexion that is indeed imply'd in the former, and which is no less true. You shall yourself be Judge of it. The Father *de Neuville* crouds his Phrases with Epithets, with Synonymies; his peculiar Fertility renders sometimes his Phrases heavy. It is true that Conciseness is often the Mother of Obscurity, but it is likewise true that Obscurity proceeds sometimes from Prolixness. This is manifest from the Example of the Father *de Neuville*; who by shining too bright, dazzles; and he that dazzles generally blinds.

The Author of the Criticism, affecting an extreme Reservedness in his Judgments, is always afraid of saying

saying too much; and so never says enough: One may easily perceive that he seeks to excuse the Defects of the Father *de Neuville*. But litterary Politeness does by no means require so much Complaisance. Pictures ought not to be ornamented with Flourishes; nay it is oftentimes proper to give every Thing its own Name. At the same Time I would not brand a number of Passages of the *Funeral Oration*, with the contemptible Appellation of Fustian; but I would willingly call them pretty little Nothings couched in pompous Words.

The Critic passes several other Judgments on the Father *de Neuville*; he takes Notice of some Negligences of Style, and of some vicious Constructions: He finds out that the Heads of the Division are much better explained in the Proofs. This Observation our Author might have made without any Conjunction; and indeed it so naturally presents itself, that he might have saved himself the Trouble of proposing it. It is not very surprizing that the Proofs explain the Division, as the Design of them is only to represent at large, what is there laid down in Little. Now after speaking of the Judgments the Critic passes upon the Father *de Neuville*, I proceed to take some Notice of the Critic himself.

Though I have not the Honour of the Gentleman's Acquaintance, yet without running great Risk of being out in my Conjectures, I may venture to affirm that his Letter speaks its Author a young Man. We must however do Justice to his Merit, and allow with Pleasure, that there is observable in it a Maturity of Judgment, and a very promising Tincture of Atticism. But his Style is not every where equal, and is not sufficiently correct. Besides this, the whole Performance discovers a little Affectation of Learning: But this Fault is excusable in a young Man, who has his Authors still fresh in his Memory. A little Conversation with the Learned World will refine that Taste: The First-Fruits of an infant Pen will always find Favour with a candid Reader, who is ready upon all Occasions

to encourage happy Endeavours, without confounding them by a sharp and ill-natured Criticism. The Author on his Side has too much Sense to take Offence at an anonymous Person, who presumes to advise him to cultivate his happy Talents, and to strive to correct by the reading of our best Authors that College Air so remote from that elegant and easy Purity which distinguishes our present Writers.

I am, &c.

F. I. N. I. S.

